THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 97 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877. { $3.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 8.

"WHEN A MAN COMES HOME."

BY MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle;
Better far to sleep
In the hungry deep,
'Neath white sheets of foam,
And of weeds in graves,
Peace, peace, peace;
Come, come, come.
When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle.

When a man comes home,
Let him enter smiling;
Take the children's sweet,
Playing round his feet,
Throw off grief and gloom,
And the world's beguiling,
Peace, peace, peace;
Come, come, come.
When a man comes home,
Let him find all smiling.

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY FAITH WYNDE,

Author of "The Flossy Lee" Books, &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Guess who is coming?" cried Birdie, dancing into Marah's room one morning.

"That would be a useless attempt, Birdie, as I know none of your friends," said Marah.

"Don't everybody know my cousins?" asked the child in surprise.

"I do not, surely," was the laughing reply.

"Why, they come here every year and visit us, and to-day mamma had a letter saying they will soon be here. Oh, I am so glad!" and Birdie clapped her hands and vanished to bear the news to the servants.

Poor Marah could not respond to the child's gladness. In this secluded spot she had feared no intrusion. Here her secret had been respected, and in spite of its mystery she had been trusted; would the strangers be as generous?

When she afterward joined the ladies on the verandah, she found them pleasantly discussing the anticipated arrival.

"We need not tell you the news, Miss Waters. Birdie's flight to your room was to shout the glad tidings, I am sure," said Mrs. Dudleigh.

"Yes, she told me," Marah replied, with an effort to conceal her own anxiety, but Mrs. Dudleigh's quick sympathies detected the lurking flatness, and with delicate adroitness she removed to the girl's mind that she had no cause for fear.

"I don't understand how it happens that my cousins is so nice, for he is a man. You never tell me I must be 'frald of him,' said Birdie, after sitting for quite awhile in profound thought.

"He is the one man of all that I have known who is good and true and perfectly reliable. There is nothing to fear in him, child," was her mother's earnest reply.

During the remainder of the week all were busy with preparations for the visitors, and even the servants, Marah found, showed the anticipated pleasure. To her alone the prospect was shrouded in gloom; but her hasty fingers were as busy as tho' guided by a light heart, filling vases with ferns to adorn niches, and hanging garlands of flowers and festoons of gay roses over doorways and pictures.

Friend Lennox sat on the verandah with her knitting, waiting with a sweet expectant smile. Mrs. Dudley, with an unusual light in her dark eyes, looked anxiously far out upon the blue St. Johns, hoping to catch a glimpse of the boat, while Birdie in her white robes floated like an airy thistle down hither and thither, now up and down the verandah, now out among the negroes grouped here and there in the grove, their bright buttons and black faces lending picturesqueness to the scene. Marah gazed in admiration upon the pretty picture, and then retired with a heavy heart to her own room. Soon a loud huzza was sent up from the negroes, and she knew the boat had landed.

By and by strange footsteps passed her door and a sweet, merry laugh and girlish voice struck her ear not unfamiliarly. Where had she heard it? Perhaps it was only one of those unmistakable resemblances one so often encounters in this life, Marah told herself, resolving that she would not borrow trouble.

* * * * * * *

"Surely tasteful fingers have been at work here, cousin Evelyn; one could almost fancy himself in fairyland," said the gentleman entering the prettily fretooned parlor.

"Yes, Miss Waters has perfect taste. We have been most fortunate in securing such an acquisition to our family, and how exalted too from the position of governess to that of friend and companion," said Mrs. Dudleigh.

"Aunt Lennox' letters have frequently mentioned her," was the quiet response, and the evident lack of interest quite piqued Birdie, who never wearied singing the praises of her favorite.

"I 'sponed you'd say 'I'd like to see her,' the child said as she stepped from the porch upon his knee and confronted him with heightened color.

"Well to make an honest confession, Birdie I have no particular desire to see governesses, meaning no disrespect of course to this paragon of yours; but once upon a time, ever and ever so long ago, I was a little boy and I had a big governess, a tall, large-boned, crooked woman with a large crooked nose, a large crooked mouth, crooked eyes, and crooked teeth, but if, upon her lips had lingered kind words, I should not have noticed their crookedness, or if she eyes had looked gently once in awhile upon my little peculiarities I should probably not have noticed the defect, but unfortunately she was not converted them into barbs to hold their fragrant burdens. Birdie skipped away to rifle a low hanging dogwood limb of its snowy blossoms, and Marah, left alone, yielding to the influences of solitude and the gurgling of the little stream, rested her head against the trunk of a tree and dreamily gazed far away into the dim woods, in blissful ignorance of the intense glance of Dr. Earle, who had sought the opposite bank to enjoy his reverie and was interrupted by this beautiful vision.

"How exquisitely lovely, and how strangely familiar that clear cut profile," he thought, as Marah was surprised a few moments later to find herself the object of Birdie's earnest scrutiny; she stood before her looking intently at her nose, her eyes and her mouth; then, going behind her chair, she placed her hand upon her shoulder and exclaimed:

"It's a story! Governesses ain't crooked! I don't like him a bit."

And without any explanation of her conduct she darted out of the room and running down stairs she entered the room triumphantly announcing:

"She's as straight as mamma or anybody, and—"

"Oh, you terrible infant! Brother, you have made a faux pas at the very outset. Only think, you have not been in the house a day and have offended the child and cruelly mortified the lady, no doubt. Oh where is your prudence, sir?" cried his sister, as she threaded her fingers through his hair in playful search for the organ, whose absence she had been led to deplore so often," in her own little cranium when her sage brother had found it necessary to reprove her for some thoughtless misdemeanor.

"I plead guilty," he said, laughing heartily at the absurdity of the affair.

"I fear my little girl is the real culprit, but her eagerness to defend her favorite, blinded her to the impropriety of the act," said Mrs. Dudleigh, apologetically.

Again the young girl's laughter rang out merrily, and again it fell upon Marah's ear with strange familiarity, and obeying a sudden impulse she went out into the hall and leaned over the balusters. A tall form stood in the doorway; a proudly erect head with a wealth of chestnut hair was an instant lifted towards the woman, who gazed down with intense eagerness. For one moment her head reeled, and but for the support of the railing she would have fallen.

A smile hovered on the gentleman's lips at this disclosure of the curiosity of this paragon of a governess. He saw but an eager face crowned with a quaint white cap—nothing more.

Marah tottered weakly back to her room and fastening her door threw herself across the bed in abject despair.

CHAPTER IX.

For two days Marah pleaded a headache,and remained in her own room, but now she could no longer seclude herself conscientiously, therefore she summoned all her strength and with a pallid face entered the cozy little apartment that had been fitted up for the school-room, a bright cheerful place with wind ws embowered with fragrant yellow jessamine. Marah noticed with gratitude that her pretty vases were filled with fresh flowers, she never allowed them to be empty, but after her absence she expected to find only faded blossoms.

"I gathered them this morning," said Birdie, "but the prettiest sanke I didn't get, because it was too high for me to reach. While I was gathering the other flowers cousin Dallas came up and asked what I was going to do with them, and I said, 'Why, they're for the crooked old governess" and I just put my head up high and walked off this way," and the child crossed the room with an assumption of great dignity, adding:

"And then cousin Dallas laughed so hard that I most cried and stamped my foot, but he said 'come here, puss, now let us make friends. I really do not believe your governess is crooked, and I will add this lovely azalea to your bouquet in token to my sincerity;' and so you see he is the one you must thank for it, Miss Waters."

Marah lifted the vase and bent her face till the flowers touched and partially concealed the flush that had arisen there.

"Little does he know to whom he has given this lovely blossom," she thought, and then wondered how long it would be until he proclaimed that her hand was not worthy to touch so lovely a flower much less to guide the restless little feet of the child he had learned to love so well. It was with difficulty that she could control her sad thoughts sufficiently to attend to Birdie's recitations that morning, and in the afternoon another trial awaited her as she came out upon the porch to find Dr. Earle in the shape of a call at the school room from Mrs. Dudleigh bringing Ethel Earle, whose bright eyes fortunately showed no signs of recognition. The ladies remained but a short time, quite long enough however for Ethel's enthusiastic nature to be impressed by the rare loveliness of the girl.

"Ah, brother, I do not wonder that Birdie so bitterly resented your description as 'governess'" said Ethel, as she linked her arm in his and joined him in his promenade.

"Why? Has she love my sensibilities?"

"She is as beautiful as a dream; but strange to say she always wears a cap entirely concelling her hair, of which cousin Evelyn says she has more than a dozen yards."

"It is her bete noir doubtless."

"Oh, how uncharitable you are, Dallas! "

"Well then possibly she is bald, or her hair may be of that peculiar shade that will not harmonize with a deeper red, for I presume she has the country lassie's rosy cheeks."

"Oh, Dallas, how horrible! you cannot understand my idea of what a governess should be until you see her, for to see her will be to admire," said Ethel as she danced away and left Dr. Earle to pursue his meditations, in which by the way, the fair governess had no share.

After lessons were ended for the day. Marah and her little pupils started for a walk, stopping now to gather sprays of jessamine and now the blue iris, the pitch azalea and a variety of other flowers, until, by the time they reached the branch, their hands were full and sitting down upon the bank they removed their hats and crowned them into baskets to hold their fragrant burdens. Birdie skipped away to rifle a low hanging dogwood limb of its snowy blossoms, and Marah, left alone, yielding to the influences of solitude and the gurgling of the little stream, rested her head against the trunk of a tree and dreamily gazed far away into the dim woods, in blissful ignorance of the intense glance of Dr. Earle, who had sought the opposite bank to enjoy his reverie and was interrupted by this beautiful vision.

"How exquisitely lovely, and how strangely familiar that clear cut profile," he thought, as he advanced a step nearer to obtain a better view, but Birdie espied him and called out:

"Oh! cousin Dallas, please come and get this branch of dogwood for me! I'm just a little too low to reach it."

"Or is it just a little too high?" he asked, as he crossed the branch and pulled her with the snowy blossoms.

At the first sound of Birdie's voice, Marah had started wildly to her feet, and, emptying her hat of its flowery contents replaced it upon her head, and stepped forth into the shadow of the hanging moss, hoping to escape notice, but Birdie thinking this a favorable opportunity to do justice to her loved friend, cried out:

"Miss Marah, please come here quickly!"

Thus importuned, Marah felt that there was no alternative but to obey the summons, and emerged from her retreat.

"Now look, cousin Dallas, is she crooked one bit!" cried the child, looking eagerly from one face to the other.

"You must introduce me, Birdie, to your friend," said Dr. Earle.

"Oh! yes; I forgot. Miss Marah, permit me—oh! how must I do it? Well, anyhow, Miss Waters, this is the gentleman that I told you thinks all governesses are crooked, and his name is cousin Dr. Dallas Earle."

The absurdity of the situation was fully appreciated by the persons thus introduced, and an irresistible peal of laughter burst from Marah's lips, which was echoed by Dr. Earle, who bowing graciously, said:

"You have a loyal little friend here; I fear she will never forgive my thoughtlessly expressed opinion of governesses in general."

"Is she like your governess?" persisted the incorrigible child.

"Birdie," said Marah, chidingly, as she took her hand and gave it an admonishing pressure.

At the sound of her voice Dr. Earle was again struck with its familiarity, and he gave her a searching glance which she saw, and felt a sickening fear of recognition. Observing her embarrassment and attributing it to his presence, he, after a few words, passed on, but the girl's face haunted him during all this afternoon walk, as a vision that had at some time in his life crossed his path; he had seen much of the world and of society, with all its hollowness, and had learned to regard a pretty woman as "Dead Sea Apples," but here, across his path had flitted a creature evidently so free from coquetry and sham, that he felt refreshed by the momentary contact as from inhaling the delicate odor of some flower weighted with the dewy freshness of the woods.

When Marah returned from her walk, wishing to avoid any further conference, she entered the least frequented part of the house, and was congratulating herself upon her safety, when she suddenly recollected a book that she had left in the school-room, and ran across to get it, but to her dismay she found the apartment already occupied by Mrs. Dudleigh, Ethel, and Dr. Earle!

She paused upon the threshold and would have withdrawn, but Mrs. Dudleigh bade her enter, and then introduced Dr. Earle. She lifted her eyes to his face hoping that he would relieve her of the embarrassment of an explanation, but he showed no signs of recognition, tho' he was wondering in his inmost being if she, after the manner of deceitful women, could so well conceal the fact of their meeting. And he experienced an indefinable sense of relief when she blushingly announced the fact of Birdie's introduction, at which the child looked up in

DRIFTING.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Summer Sea.
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Seems round the purple parks to note—

Round purple peaks
Round purple creeks
Blue lizards and their crystal crests,
And yellow sands,
Through purple lands,
A deepening golden glen.

Far vague, and dim,
The mountains swim,
While on the waters many lilies
With leaves like hands,
The gray monks stand
Or kneeling by the shore.

Here, hidden smiles
One liquid aisle,
And yonder, like a line of the isles,
Calm Capri waits
With purple gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
I heed not, if
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff
With careful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky

The day so mild,
In heaven's own child,
With calm and solemn reconcilèd,—
The sun I feel
And clouds that reel
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the raft
My fingers trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A lost pleasure
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She coils and pines,
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs shield
Are gambolling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the glen
With tipsy cain
Laugh to the tinkling goat-bells plain.

The fisher's child
With tresses wild,
Into the vessel's hempen hold
With glowing lips
Sings to the ships
Or gazes at the far off ships.

You deep dark eyes
Where fancy lies
Upon the fishy sea,
From lands of sun to lands of snows—
O happy one!
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship
To rose and dip
With the blue heaven at your lip.
O happy crew
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sails anew.

No more to more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its dreary round,
Ah! drearisome
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

GEORGIE CASTERTON'S LOVERS.

"It's all humbug!"

"What is all humbug?"

"To talk about being resigned to one's lot in life. I am not resigned. I hate being poor and I hate—oh, I do hate wearing that shabby old thing!"

Georgie Casterton marched up and down her scarcely-furnished little bed room, flourishing her hair brush vehemently in indignant protest against her special lot in life. She was dressing for an evening party, and a curly mass of tangled brown hair streamed over her scarlet dressing-gown far below her waist. "That shabby old thing" lay spread out on the bed. It was a dress of black alpaca—not a bad dress of its kind and fairly nicely made. White tulle ruffles lay beside it.

"Horrid old thing," said Georgie, coming to a standstill in front of it, and giving it a contemptuous twitch. "I do hate you!"

"Oh, Georgie!"

"Yes, I do, and you need not sit perched up on the bed, Esther, saying, 'Oh! Georgie' in such a horrified tone. I do hate it, and it is horrid and revolting of you to think that I am going to a party in it! I would rather by half go in sackcloth and ashes."

"How lovely you would look in a sackcloth garment with a rope round your waist!" said Esther, dryly, from her perch on the bed.

Georgie gave an unromantic pull at the curly brown hair.

"I wish you would be sensible, Esther—you are so dreadfully literal. At any rate if I might dress like a sister of charity, it would be a merit to look shabbier and wear longer."

"Sisters of charity don't look or wear bogone." At St. Mary Home they are quite merry, and not at all miserable. But you would look a fright in a great black bonnet."

"I don't suppose I should, and at least it would be no pretence of dressing as well as other people."

"There is no pretence, Georgie. The alpaca is a good one, and it does not pretend to be a silk," remarked Esther, dryly.

"You are always so aggravatingly wise, but just look at that dress, and remember that there is a party at Starr Hills, and that everybody will be there except ourselves."

"Well, you can sit in a corner and no one will notice you." was the comforting reply.

Georgie gave another spiteful tug at the tangled hair, as if the application of spending an evening alone in a corner was not very charming.

"Oh Dear," sighed she, throwing herself into a chair, and "think of Lillie Bell in her silks and velvets, as gorgeous as a fashion plate, and then look at that wretched frock!"

But the vision of Miss Bell arrayed a la fashion plate was too much for poor Georgie's philosophy. She threw down the hair-brush, burst into tears, and sobbed away as if her heart would break. Poor child, she was only seventeen, and had not learned to think that it was the best dress the Vicar of Staveleigh's daughter could afford, Staveleigh being a very poor living far away among the hills of Cumberland—among which well dressed people was a trouble and a trial to her.

"Oh, Georgie, don't cry! It is not such a bad dress, really," said Esther, leaving her perch on the bed and coming to the rescue. "Lillie Bell cannot get you something that I would give a great many of her silks and satins to have."

"What?" sobbed Georgie, disconsolately. "I have only the string of pearls that belonged to grandmamma."

"This," said Esther, and taking her sister's face in her two hands she turned it round to the looking glass.

Georgie involuntarily stopped sobbing, pushed the tangled hair aside, and looked at herself. Through the mist of tears she saw a fair girlish face, beautiful with the rose and soft outlines and fresh purity of early youth, a pair of large wistful eyes, gleaming larger through the tears that glittered on the fringe of curling black eyelashes, a complexion with the milk and a delicate creamy complexion, with no spot of color save in the rich scarlet lips—all framed in the wonderful masses of bright auburn hair.

Georgie gazed at herself intently for a minute or two, and then smiled through her tears. It was very pleasant to know she was so fair in her own opinion—almost as much as quite himself.

nearly vanished. "When you have finished admiring yourself, I will do your hair for you."

Georgie resigned the brush, and her sister, taking the wavy, curly masses, brushed and twisted them deftly into a loose coronet of braid on the graceful little head. Then Georgie donned the despised black dress—somehow it looked well on the rounded little figure—fastened the pearls on, just permitting a glimpse of a white throat, and then, with a final shake, a string of pearls, to be sure, and stood forth at last a very dainty lady indeed.

"If it had only been white muslin!" sighed she, after a critical survey of the glass, and feeling considerably comforted by her appearance therein. "Perhaps I may not have to sit in a corner all the night, Esther," said she, hopefully.

"I am sure not—that was only my nonsense. Here are your gloves and handkerchief. Be quick! Heard the pater go down five minutes since."

Georgie took them, wrapped a large shawl around her, tied a little scarlet hood over her bright hair, and walked down stairs very soberly, pondering many things.

Starr Hills was the great house of Staveleigh-le-dale. On this evening the large drawing-room, with its handsome, massive furniture and rich, sober coloring, was filled with almost a crowd of people, for Mr. Dallis' evening parties were an institution very popular in the neighborhood. When Mr. Casterton and Georgie entered the room, she came for a hard stare, partial greeting, and, after introducing Georgie to the one or two strangers present, consigned her to the care of her daughter Lillie, who, to Georgie's relief, was almost as plainly attired as herself.

Still feeling very conscious of her alpaca dress, Georgie shyly buried herself in a portfolio of Italian photographs at a stand near her. Presently she heard her name softly repeated behind her, and, glancing round, perceived Captain Day, one of the strangers who had been presented to her, and Mrs. Ball's nephew.

"May I get you some coffee?" asked he, smiling down at her.

"Yes, please," said Georgie, diffidently, her mind instantly reverting to what he must think of her shabby dress.

He made a sign to a servant, who came up with a tray. Helping Georgie to her coffee, he took another cup himself, and then, drawing a chair beside her, began to talk in a light careless manner that speedily set her at her ease. Even the troublesome dress was at length forgotten, and Georgie bore her fair share in the half laughing, half-serious conversation that ensued.

After awhile he drew the stand of photographs forward, and turned them over for her to look at, telling her about Italy in a soft, low voice that seemed meant for her alone. He was a tall, handsome man, rather fair, with bright blue eyes, and a moustache and whiskers that seemed to require an immense amount of attention to keep them in order. He possessed to perfection the art of being all things to all women. His indolent, graceful air of deference and intense devotion, his low caressing voice, were irresistible flattering. His words were simple enough, neither very wise nor very witty; but they might have been very pearls and diamonds of wisdom from the veneration with which Georgie listened to them. She forgot all about the long time, turning over and discussing folios and albums. At length Mrs. Ball captured them for a round game of cards, much to Captain Day's disgust. Georgie was incapable to obtain Georgie for a partner, took care of her counters, and contrived to throw an immense amount of earnestness into the question of stake by one or two pounds. She went down to supper, and took care to have a snug corner all to themselves; and then he bestowed on her all those petits soins and delicate attentions which are the right of some favored men, and which were something very new and very charming to his unsophisticated companion.

Georgie was completely fascinated. She was very young, very simple, and very romantic, beautiful, impulsive, frank as a child, with all sorts of wonderful ideas floating about in her wonderful little head; and Captain Arthur Day was the handsomest man she had ever met, and one of the most consummate flirts in existence.

Had Georgie's eyes and ears not been too entirely engaged, she might have discovered that every person at least showed considerable disapprobation either of her or her cavalier's proceedings. More than once a tall gentleman tried to gain Miss Casterton's ear and a grave face with dark, suspicious eyes had watched them more or less all the evening. A good many angry glances had been wasted on Captain Day's impassive face, which, however, would have had scant attention from Georgie, who had been the glances plainly enough, had taken no notice of them.

When the time for departure came, Captain Day placed her in the hall, and nearly wrapped Georgie's shawl and little scarlet hood. After a long pressure of her hand, one lingering look into her dark lovely eyes, one soft, low "Good night, dear Miss Casterton," that set her heart in a swift subtle delight in every nerve, a feeling of sweet, shy joy stealing into her heart, which, alas would never be the simple child heart again!

As Captain Day turned to re-enter the hall, he encountered his brother, the gentleman whose wrathful eyes had so suspiciously watched him all the evening.

"Arthur, what's the matter?" asked he, lightly. "You look particularly grim."

The grave face grew a shade graver as he tangled hair, as if the anticipation of spending an evening alone in a corner was not very charming.

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out his cigar case. "Let pay my attention to Miss Casterton. Thank you, Mr. Francis Day, you shall see that I can exercise very easy to walk over, if I can help it; and the captain took out his silver four-bex and struck a light, with a vindictive determination to thwart his brother, come what might.

Alas for poor Georgie! She was very young and very childish, and it was the old, old story. Two months flew by on silver wings. Captain Day had the field all to himself, and he made the most of his opportunities. Georgie innocently wondered how it was, go where she would, he always contrived to send or follow her to her walks. It was always so naturally that Georgie never suspected that it was carefully planned, or that all her goings out and comings in were quite familiar to him.

One thing, however, Captain Day had not bargained for; and of all any one suggested the idea to him, he would have repudiated it with scorn—he had not bargained for falling in love himself. Nevertheless two months' almost daily intercourse had upon him; Georgie's fresh young beauty and sweetness was a great deal more than admiration from him, and he cared a good deal more for her than he would have confessed to any one, more than his many graceful selfishness would have cared to think seriously. At last they were engaged for better or worse—so far as anything could be called an engagement which was just what Captain Day sanctioned by the powers that were.

On the last evening of this memorable visit they stood together in the beech avenue of the hall. Georgie's partial greeting, and, after introducing Georgie to the one or two strangers present, consigned her to the care of her daughter Lillie, who, to Georgie's relief, was almost as plainly attired as herself.

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Had Georgie's eyes and ears not been too entirely engaged, she might have discovered that every person at least showed considerable disapprobation either of her or her cavalier's proceedings. More than once a tall gentleman tried to gain Miss Casterton's ear and a grave face with dark, suspicious eyes had watched them more or less all the evening. A good many angry glances had been wasted on Captain Day's impassive face, which, however, would have had scant attention from Georgie, who had been the glances plainly enough, had taken no notice of them.

When the time for departure came, Captain Day placed her in the hall, and nearly wrapped Georgie's shawl and little scarlet hood. After a long pressure of her hand, one lingering look into her dark lovely eyes, one soft, low "Good night, dear Miss Casterton," that set her heart in a swift subtle delight in every nerve, a feeling of sweet, shy joy stealing into her heart, which, alas would never be the simple child heart again!

As Captain Day turned to re-enter the hall, he encountered his brother, the gentleman whose wrathful eyes had so suspiciously watched him all the evening.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked he, lightly. "You look particularly grim."

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"Oh, Dear," sighed she, throwing herself into a chair, and "think of Lillie Bell in her silks and velvets, as gorgeous as a fashion plate, and then look at that wretched frock!"

But the vision of Miss Bell arrayed a la fashion plate was too much for poor Georgie's philosophy. She threw down the hair-brush, burst into tears, and sobbed away as if her heart would break. Poor child, she was only seventeen, and had not learned to think that it was the best dress the Vicar of Staveleigh's daughter could afford, Staveleigh being a very poor living far away among the hills of Cumberland—among which well dressed people was a trouble and a trial to her.

"Oh, Georgie, don't cry! It is not such a bad dress, really," said Esther, leaving her perch on the bed and coming to the rescue. "Lillie Bell cannot get you something that I would give a great many of her silks and satins to have."

"What?" sobbed Georgie, disconsolately. "I have only the string of pearls that belonged to grandmamma."

"This," said Esther, and taking her sister's face in her two hands, she turned it round to the looking glass.

Georgie involuntarily stopped sobbing, pushed the tangled hair aside, and looked at herself. Through the mist of tears she saw a fair girlish face, beautiful with the rose and soft outlines and fresh purity of early youth, a pair of large wistful eyes, gleaming larger through the tears that glittered on the fringe of curling black eyelashes, a complexion with the milk and a delicate creamy complexion, with no spot of color save in the rich scarlet lips—all framed in the wonderful masses of bright auburn hair.

Georgie gazed at herself intently for a minute or two, and then smiled through her tears. It was very pleasant to know she was so fair in her own opinion—almost as much as quite him

"Not with the prospect of a rival in the field, and such a rival—Hunt-le-Boyd Stanholme versus my fascinating self."

What another hideously flattering glance Mr. Day turned on himself and smiled away.

"Poor Georgie! I must not let her fall a victim to my brother's fascinations. Thank you, Mr. Francis Day, you shall see that I can exercise very easy to walk over, if I can help it; and the captain took out his silver four-box and struck a light, with a vindictive determination to thwart his brother, come what might.

Alas for poor Georgie! She was very young and very childish, and it was the old, old story. Two months flew by on silver wings. Captain Day had the field all to himself, and he made the most of his opportunities. Georgie innocently wondered how it was, go where she would, he always contrived to send or follow her to her walks. It was always so naturally that Georgie never suspected that it was carefully planned, or that all her goings out and comings in were quite familiar to him.

One thing, however, Captain Day had not bargained for; and of all any one suggested the idea to him, he would have repudiated it with scorn—he had not bargained for falling in love himself. Nevertheless two months' almost daily intercourse had upon him; Georgie's fresh young beauty and sweetness was a great deal more than admiration from him, and he cared a good deal more for her than he would have confessed to any one, more than his many graceful selfishness would have cared to think seriously. At last they were engaged for better or worse—so far as anything could be called an engagement which was just what Captain Day sanctioned by the powers that were.

On the last evening of this memorable visit they stood together in the beech avenue of the hall. Georgie's partial greeting, and, after introducing Georgie to the one or two strangers present, consigned her to the care of her daughter Lillie, who, to Georgie's relief, was almost as plainly attired as herself.

Still feeling very conscious of her alpaca dress, Georgie shyly buried herself in a portfolio of Italian photographs at a stand near her. Presently she heard her name softly repeated behind her, and, glancing round, perceived Captain Day, one of the strangers who had been presented to her, and Mrs. Ball's nephew.

"May I get you some coffee?" asked he, smiling down at her.

"Yes, please," said Georgie, diffidently, her mind instantly reverting to what he must think of her shabby dress.

He made a sign to a servant, who came up with a tray. Helping Georgie to her coffee, he took another cup himself, and then, drawing a chair beside her, began to talk in a light careless manner that speedily set her at her ease. Even the troublesome dress was at length forgotten, and Georgie bore her fair share in the half laughing, half-serious conversation that ensued.

After awhile he drew the stand of photographs forward, and turned them over for her to look at, telling her about Italy in a soft, low voice that seemed meant for her alone. He was a tall, handsome man, rather fair, with bright blue eyes, and a moustache and whiskers that seemed to require an immense amount of attention to keep them in order. He possessed to perfection the art of being all things to all women. His indolent, graceful air of deference and intense devotion, his low caressing voice, were irresistible flattering. His words were simple enough, neither very wise nor very witty; but they might have been very pearls and diamonds of wisdom from the veneration with which Georgie listened to them. She forgot all about the long time, turning over and discussing folios and albums. At length Mrs. Ball captured them for a round game of cards, much to Captain Day's disgust. Georgie was incapable to obtain Georgie for a partner, took care of her counters, and contrived to throw an immense amount of earnestness into the question of stake by one or two pounds. She went down to supper, and took care to have a snug corner all to themselves; and then he bestowed on her all those petits soins and delicate attentions which are the right of some favored men, and which were something very new and very charming to his unsophisticated companion.

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"What's the matter, Frank?" asked he, lightly. "You look particularly grim."

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"What I say. You have no right to sacrifice that trusting, sweet little thing for your amusement."

"How excessively ridiculous, Frank! I meet a young lady for the first time in my life, try to amuse her for an hour or two, and you get up a tragic air and talk of a sacrifice! the thing being sacrificed for amusement! It is too absurd."

"I have seen too many of your flirtations not to know their ugly side. I know what you are, your hour or two's amusement means, and I say you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have not the slightest intention of fulfilling."

"Looks like a case of righteous indignation," said the Captain, coolly, smoothing his moustache. "Thanks, your lecture might be more effectual were you not something like it yourself."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Day, haughtily.

"Who is it talks about 'volumes in looks,' or some such sentimental nonsense? I have never seen you bestow two glances on any young lady before, but to-night you have bored us both with your most distinguished regards. If Miss Georgie Casterton is wise, she will take the cold shoulder on my invitation myself, the elder is a much more eligible party than the scapegrace younger brother."

Mr. Day turned his eye contemptuously on his brother.

"Your remarks are most uncalled for," said he. "However I dont care to discuss the matter further. Nothing that I can urge is likely to stay your hand."

ALLOY.

Blow the bells in the summer sunshine chiming—
With a gladness all too brief—
It would seem that in the sweetness of their rhyming
Sigh
There was room for naught of grief
Through all the tender notes of their ringing,
Blent and mingled with the music of their singing,
Floats an undertone of pain.

Through the dark shaft out of our sorrel, saddest notes
Pour one thread of shining gold—
Through the tangled skein of life all bitter flow'rs
Bind the same with many a blossom of pleasure heaven
Some morning closed must show—
In our gladdest songs of earth will creep out earth's
heaven
In a minor chord of woe.

So full brimmed, unmingled draught can ever be
our's?
Of completed joy or pain?
We must look for the death-blight 'mid our
flow'rs
And for sunshine through our rain.
We must drain the cup that's bitter through its
sweetness,
But we know 'twill not be long
Till the new life shall give the world completeness,
With no mingling in the song.

MORLEY.

Miss Adah's Fortune.

On the evening of the 3d of March last, at nine o'clock, it was raining cats and dogs on Baron' Common. A gentleman, who had been taking tea in a small villa of the neighborhood, had his umbrella blown inside out as he emerged into the road on his way home. The voice of a sympathising maid servant called to him from the doorway, suggesting that he should run and fetch a cab; but he considerately answered that if a cab were procurable he could find it for himself—which was said, however, in a tone implying that a cab on Baron' Common at such an hour and on such a night was a thing the stranger did not in the least expect to meet. He was, therefore, as much surprised as delighted when, before stepping into his twelfth puddle, he descried an undoubted growler jogging along, with loose and driver both in a resigned state of saturation. A score of yards separated him from this cheering sight; he hallooed, ran forward, and had just secured the mark to drive him to St. James's street, when a buxom lady of fifty and a younger one, apparently her daughter, who were both struggling with their umbrellas as he had just been doing, arrived panting on the scene, and exclaimed in dismay at finding this solitary cab already engaged. As though the disappointment were too much for the elderly lady's fortitude, she hovered her umbrella and allowed the rain to shower as it listed on her dejected face and the two sausage curls that flanked it.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said she wretchedly.

The stranger was not of an age to hear any lady sigh. "Oh, dear, dear," unmoved. He was young and well-dressed. You could tell by his manner that his anxiety to escape a soaking was prompted by a sense of the physical discomfort of rain rather than by any parsimonious regard for his coat and boots. Lifting his hat, he at once dispelled the discomfort of the mourners, and stamped himself as a person of polite breeding.

"Pray take the cab," he said. "I will only beg your leave to sit on the box until he comes across a hansom or something," and he assisted both ladies to step into the vehicle before it could occur to them to say Yes or Nay.

He was also allowed to sit on the box, however. The elderly lady naturally insisted on his getting in with them. They were going to Fulham, said she, which was not far. If he would direct them at their door, he would have the rest of his way alone, and, like a person who is particular in money-matters, she added that she would pay her share of the fare. By this time, the cab was moving, and as it only springs rendered speech inaudible, but the matron, desirous of proving her gratitude, screamed that she was much obliged for what the stranger had done so far and would have caught her death of cold in that wetting. He bawled back that he was most happy, and so forth.

"Our name is Twilles," proceeded the old lady, yelling, "and I hope you'll come in for a moment to take a glass of sherry or a cup of tea, to warm you."

"Every day this entire Winter," he shouted in answer, thinking that she had spoken of the long-continued rains.

"And a cigar with it, if you like, for Mr. Twilles is a great smoker," retorted the old lady, still intent upon hospitality, till her daughter—whom the occasional flashes of the roadside gas-lamps showed to be a pretty girl of eighteen or so—nudged her mother with a smile, and whispered that she and the gentleman were playing at cross purposes. The invitation, then renewed with louder vociferation, was declined on the ground of a late appointment at a club soon afterwards, the cab stopped at a pretty detached house, with a garden in front. The old lady honestly remitted to her unknown fellow-passenger a two-shilling piece. He helped her and her daughter to alight, made them both a bow, and there his adventure with them would have ended, if, an hour later, on arriving at his club, he had not found on the cushion of his seat which it had occupied, a gold bracelet, with the name of "Ada" encrusted on it in turquoise.

The finder of this trinket was a young and nearly penniless bachelor, Sir Charles Aylmer, a good-looking fellow, too blithe-tempered to reckon the cost of pleasure or to stickle about the company in which he sought it, he left a handsome fortune on his roll without losing his reputation along with it. He possessed certain domestic proclivities which had survived his acquired tendency toward dissipation. Thus his visit to the club had been for the purpose of seeing an old nurse who had been pensioned by his family, and with whom he went to take tea once regularly every quarter. Modest as these entertainments were, he rather looked forward to and enjoyed them, for nature had made him, like other pigeons, to live in a dovecot, not to fly in the company of rooks. However, Charley Aylmer never got to the end of a visit to Fulham to renew an acquaintance with people who were evidently not of his set, and it is probable that he would have simply sent back the bracelet by his servant, with a note, if the following day had not been Sunday—that is, of all days he found it most difficult to spend. To tell the truth, he was also a little curious to see whether first of all glance he was as pretty as she had seemed to his indistinct scrutiny in the cab.

He consequently went to Fulham, arriving just as Mr. Twilles and her daughter were returning from church, with highly gilt prayer-books in their hands, and he was greeted like one who is expected. Ada had missed her bracelet, and was afraid she had dropped it in the road, which distressed her, for it was a keepsake. Blushing slightly, the young lady echoed her mother's thanks, and appeared to the baronet in very comely girl, indeed, quite gay and sensible, too, with no affected awkwardness, but sparkling blue eyes that looked you softly in the face, and a complexion which bloomed like the Spring of which poets write before the days when perennial rains soaked the land. Sir Charles had just handed his card to the maid-servant when the ladies debouched round the corner of the road, and, as soon as Mrs. Twilles had read the name upon it, she evinced her middle-class appreciation of aristocratic prefixes by coloring to the cheek-bones, and earnestly entreating the baronet to luncheon. To have refused an invitation so cordially tendered would have been a discourteous act not in keeping with Charley Aylmer's character. He accepted without fuss. Miss Ada seemed pleased, and the guest would have been pleased also if good Mrs. Twilles had not begun "Sir Charleoning" him at every phrase, and apologising for a number of things which called for no apology, as, for instance, the simplicity of her bill of fare, the plainness of her furniture, and the absence of Mr. Twilles, who had gone to spend the day with a friend at Putney. All this did not prevent the luncheon from being an excellent two o'clock dinner of joint and apple-pie, and the baronet missed the truant Mr. Twilles but little. Besides Ada and her mother, the family circle included three small cousins—one boy and two girls—who giggled much and ate largely.

Who Mr. Twilles was did not transpire during the banquet, nor did Aylmer trouble himself upon the point, assuming that Miss Ada's accomplishments would have fitted her to grace any social circle, even the highest. He was fairly captivated, and had not worldly wisdom enough to consult it. Indeed, the amusements of the day were restricted to conversation, the piano remaining closed and the garden untreadable by reason of the unusual downpour, Ada was drawn into saying that she could talk on most subjects cleverly, without forwardness, and that she possessed sensibility without affectation—rare gifts. She was, in fact, quite a genial prize, that is to say, to anyone but Mrs. Twilles; so that, before Sir Charles took his leave, he had made plans for keeping up an acquaintanceship which promised him some agreeable hours in the summer, when riverside Fulham is a pleasant district to visit on a steam launch, whether to lunch on sloping garden lawns, or to saunter, dirting, in shady alleys, all full of the fragrance of roses and pinks. Mrs. Twilles invited her guest to dinner on the following Thursday to meet Mr. Twilles; he on his side invited a friend who was in the habit of giving him beers for the play (Ada had mentioned that she delighted in theatres), and begged permission to send a box promised him for the Gaiety on Tuesday.

When a man of thirty has never been seriously in love, the first attack of the tender passion is likely to be a very sudden and severe one. Sir Charles Aylmer had no idea that he was in love with Ada, but he thought of her all that night and the following day, and grew dismal lest she should learn that he had frittered away his money on horses' legs, and that behind that measly of him lay his folly. On the Tuesday he went into the city on business with his stockbroker, and having torn one of his gloves in alighting from his hansom, turned into a shop near the Exchange to buy a new pair. His amusement may be conceived, when behind the counter he saw Ada and her mother quietly selling shirt-collars to a brace of merchants' clerks. Over the glass behind them were the admirable, "Twilles, Hosier," in staring gilt letters.

Mrs. Twilles turned scarlet. Ada grew pink, and looked sorry that Sir Charles should appear so stupefied. He recovered himself, however, laughed at the unexpected meeting, bought his pair of gloves, and reminded Ada that he hoped to meet her at the Gaiety that evening (the box having been sent to Fulham over-night), walked out more foolish than he had ever felt in seeing book-makers button their pockets over thousands of his money. He had not gone a dozen steps down Cornhill before he heard a breathless voice behind him, crying:

"Hi!" and he was accosted by a plump little man, with prosperous face, watch-chain and shining blue eyes, who, thrusting a cool, dry hand into his, said, "Sir Charles, I'm Mr. Twilles, and delighted to see you. You dined at my house on Thursday, and I'm sorry I wasn't there. Do you say to a chop in the restaurant across the way? Come along, I want to have some talk with you."

Mr. Twilles strode rather than walked. His hands fidgeted with a thick gold watch-guard as if he were in tantrums about the time, and he darted across the road among the omnibuses and cabs as if he had no more fear of the chance of being knocked down and run over to that of losing an instant. Aylmer followed him, bewildered, and wondering whither this would lead. Expostulations were of no use, for the nimble hosier had preceded him. He darted up the stairs of the restaurant, caught up the menu, as he called it, ordered a luncheon which proved his acquaintance of the science of eating, and included a bottle of sparkling hock well iced; then, as soon as his half-reluctant guest was seated, he patted him patronizingly on the cuff, and said:

"Now, Sir Charles, just listen; do you think my daughter Ada is selling gloves in that shop because she couldn't afford to ride in her carriage with the best of 'em? Let me tell you, Ada will have ten thousand a year on the day she marries."

"I am very glad to hear it—for her sake," rejoined the baronet, with well-bred composure.

"My name is Twilles in Cornhill," continued the hosier, buttering a slice of his roll, and eating it to make the time pass; "but I'm Rigges in Piccadilly, and Twilles in Regent lace, and Chuckle-borough in Burlington Arcade, where I deal in Birmingham jewelry. I keep a pawnbroker's shop in the Minories, two fish-stalls in Billingsgate, and a wine-vault in the London Docks. What do you say to that?"

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Twilles," replied Sir Charles, in his astonishment.

"So I am," replied the commercial pluralist, lifting a paper from a cut-glass saucerful of ice and crunching it. "But I've not told you half yet. I'm the Jones who advertises the Purgative Bath Buns. I've three snacks employed in the Pilchard Fishery, and I turn out heaps of sardines as good as those the French sell, and twice as cheap. I bought up ten thousand acres of standing corn in Southern Russia last harvest, and I've got a contract for supplying the Montenegrin army with cork helmets. The Pope sent me his blessing and a silver cross, though I don't hold with Popery, because I figured out a hundred fifty pilgrims per week with my patent monastic slater at two guineas a head, or sixty shillings for those who have hair linings, because they are doing penance. I've a license for music and dancing at a public house of mine in Holloway, and I'm at the head of the Terra de los Piveros Emigration Agency, bagging thirty shillings apiece for every emigrant who likes to take his chance out there against the sun, the snakes and the mosquitoes."

"See what it is to have several strings to one's bow," smiled Aylmer, who, not being devoid of humor, was growing amused.

"Several strings, you call it! I think I could count a hundred of 'em if I tried," replied Mr. Twilles, rapping his knife on the table-cover to rate the waiter's arrival with a dish of cutlets; "where there's money to be made I make it—just mind that. I'm the owner of a proprietary club. I've opened a shooting-box for Sir Salisbury Plain Shakers—admission sixpence. I've inaugurated three rinks, invented a new game of tennis which people can play on their house-tops when their lawn's under a garden, and manufactured the new 'Tourist's Boot,' with a knife, fork, and spoon in one foot, a tooth-brush and a comb in the other, and looking-glasses inside the soles, which are hollow. Then I'm going to send Messrs. Biggar and Parnell about the country to give a course of lectures on Parliamentary tactics, and I have started a new magazine in which Mr. Gladstone will contribute an article next month."

"Enough, enough," broke off the baronet, laughing, for the cutlets had now been served. "I see you are a universal benefactor, Mr. Twilles—but what can I do for you?"

"You can become my partner by marrying my daughter," replied Mr. Twilles, harpooning a cutlet. Sir Charles gave a slight start at the unceremonious proposal; but Mr. Twilles, whose mouth was full, waved his hand to check him from speaking. "You go on eating, Sir Charles, I can talk and eat at the same time. My daughter was mighty struck with you the other day, and her mother says you were so, too, with her—and mothers don't make mistakes about those things, you know. I watched you the day when you came into our shop, and I saw you wince, though you didn't see me, because I was in the back shop counting the petty cash. Why did you wince? Cause you like a pair of gloves? But she does that 'cause I chose her to be useful, instead of wasting her time and my money. If she were married she wouldn't sell gloves, you see, and I've told her that if Twilles ever the door, which I only keep there because the Cornhill shop was the first place where I set up in business. As to education, Ada has had every thing that she could add and 'ud make you a good wife, whilst her money would just come in nice and handy to set you on your legs again, personally speaking."

"Who told you I was off my legs, Mr. Twilles?" asked Sir Charles Aylmer, arching his eyebrows, with more good humor than resentment in his tone.

"You're ruined, like Pompeii, Sir Charles; but that's no great matter, for if some didn't get ruined others wouldn't get rich," said Mr. Twilles, sententiously, as he poured with his left hand into a tumbler a bottle of hock, and, with his right, helped himself to a cutlet. "Now, you know, would be mighty pleased to hear Ada called your ladyship. But, of course, I don't expect your answer to-day. Take time to think about it, and I'll settle the play (Ada had mentioned that she delighted in theatres), and begged permission to send a box promised him for the Gaiety on Tuesday.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1877

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11, 1877

FIFTY-SIX YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

History of the Saturday Evening Post.

In accordance with many requests, we have prepared the following account of the Post's career during the fifty-six years of its existence, and we present it this week with the full conviction that it will prove highly interesting both to our readers and the general public. We have appended largely on our files for our facts, but our thanks are due to Eugene H. Munday, Esq., for valuable assistance from his history of the Post published in the Saturday-Night of March, 1870.

Robert S. Coffin, the "Boston Bard," who had been a compositor on the West Chester Village Record, and had acquired a fair local reputation as a poet, mainly upon moral themes on "A Blind Girl," came to this city in 1821, and began preparations for issuing a literary paper, to be called the Bee. Mr. Coffin, after getting about two hundred subscribers to his new enterprise, passed over his subscription list to Charles Alexander, of Zachariah Poulson's Daily Advertiser, who formed a partnership with Samuel C. Atkinson, a practical printer, under the firm name of Atkinson & Alexander, for the purpose of publishing the Saturday Evening Post. T. Cottrell Clarke was engaged as editor, and the first number of the paper was published August 4, 1821, in a printing office back of No. 53 Market street, which had once been occupied by Benjamin Franklin. This office was four or five doors back of Second street, in a medium sized brick building, consisting of two stories and an attic. The first floor was the press room, and contained two of Patrick Lyon's presses. The second was also the two compositing rooms, in one of which stood the press at which Franklin had worked, now in the Patent Office in Washington. Over the entrance to the composing rooms was this poetical "Warning" to meddling visitors, probably written by Franklin:

"All you who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything is not courteous be,
Or touch the things which you shall find
That mischief may be done you won't remain
Lest fish adhere to your hands, your eyes
Lest ink and wormwood, but to touch there's danger."

The attic, of course, was Mr. Clarke's editorial sanctum. The building was long since torn down to make way for the march of improvement. The Post was at first worked off with the old-fashioned ink-balls, rollers being then unknown, and the pressman's labor in getting out the edition was something tremendous.

In 1826, Mr. Clarke severed his editorial connection with the Post to establish the Ladies' Album, a weekly literary sheet, and was succeeded by Morton McMichael, one of the proprietors of the North American. The Post was enlarged and improved to meet the competition of its rival. In 1828, Mr. Alexander retired from the firm and Mr. Atkinson became the sole proprietor of the paper. Benjamin Mathias, who afterwards figured largely in State politics and was the author of "Mathias' Legislative Manual," was employed by Mr. Atkinson as editor. He was succeeded in turn by Charles J. Peterson, now editor of Peterson's Magazine, Rufus W. Griswold, Edgar A. Poe's biographer and literary executor, and H. Hastings Weld. In 1827, the office of the Post was removed from its original quarters to No. 112 Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth. In 1833, it was again removed to No. 36 Carter's Alley. In November, 1839, Mr. Atkinson disposed of the Post to John S. Dudley, afterwards "Colonel Dudley," the witty New York correspondent of the Sunday Dispatch, and George R. Graham, the founder of Graham's Magazine. In a few months, however, Mr. Dudley retired and Charles J. Peterson took his place, the firm name being George R. Graham & Co. In 1840, the second floor of the old Public Ledger building, southwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets, became the office of the Post, and, in 1843, Samuel D. Patterson & Co. purchased the paper. In March, 1848, Edmund Deacon and Henry Peterson, each of whom had previously owned a portion of the Post, bought out the entire interest of Patterson & Co., and assumed the sole proprietorship, removing the publication office to No. 66 South Third street, over the former office of the North American, the firm being Deacon & Peterson. In 1857, the single form was abandoned for the quarto style, and the old heading was replaced by one of more modern and elaborate design. In 1860, the headquarters of the Post were changed to No. 319 Walnut street. When Deacon & Peterson assumed control, Henry Peterson became editor, holding the position for nearly thirty years. Under this firm the Post gained a high degree of popularity and prosperity. Deacon & Peterson were succeeded by Henry Peterson & Co., who disposed of the paper to the Post Publishing Company.

The Post has thus had but seven proprietors, and in the name of the present, Messrs. Henry Peterson published the editorial taking upon himself the editorial conduct of the paper, assisted by J. S. Ingram. The publication office was at this time removed to the Bulletin Building, No. 127 Walnut street. May 1, 1873, Joseph P. Reed and C. McF. Reed, publishers of the People's Monthly, an illustrated Pittsburgh periodical, became partners with Mr. Walker, the firm being Walker, Reed & Co. Messrs. Walker and Ingram remaining editors. Mr. Walker, desiring to make a European tour, disposed of his interest, August 8, 1875, to Major Charles I. Wickersham, and the name of the firm was altered to Reed, Wickersham & Co. The office was at this time removed to 726 Sansom street, and Joseph P. Reed assumed the editorship, retaining the assistance of Mr. Ingram. May 20 1876, George C. Bennett, founder of the Brooklyn Times, and Wm. A. Fitch bought the Post of Reed, Wickersham & Co., Mr. Fitch becoming editor, aided for a time by J. Elbert Powell. April 14, 1877, Orlando Bennett succeeded Bennett & Fitch, which was the name of the preceding firm, and, April 28, George D. Cox replaced Mr. Fitch as editor. May 19, the present management assumed control of the paper, Mr. Cox being retained as editor, and the office of publication was transferred to the Herald Building, No. 27 South Seventh street, where it is now located.

Under its various proprietors, the Post has, through all the fifty-six years of its existence, been a moral influence for the better. The ideas of the farmer of to-day are ideas of progress in every direction. He believes in utilizing every suggestion of art, and has given the old prejudices to the winds. The reads the daily papers fresh from the cities, and receives valuable hints from the agricultural press of the land. "No penny-up Utica contracts his powers," but he luminous forth in fields of usefulness as his ancestors would have feared even to contemplate.

By means of the extensive employment of machinery, the farmer of to-day is comparatively a man of leisure, and his labor is not the hard, driving toil of other years. He has time to devote to reading the books of the hour and a taste for the literature in the family journals. In fine, he is as much alive to the benefits of this moving age as any inhabitant of the busy and thronged cities. He enjoys his position and his independence, and prides himself on the fact that he is of some consequence in the world. The farmer of to-day is also as much an improvement on the farmer of twenty-five or thirty years ago as the railroad train is on the lumbering stage coach of our fathers.

A NEW SERIAL.

We commence in this number of the Post the publication of a charming summer romance, entitled

"A BRIDE FROM THE SEA."

It is from the pen of the talented author of "Redeemed by Love," "Wife in Name Only," "The Sin of a Lifetime," "Dora Thorne," and other thoroughly first-class stories. This serial is literally overflowing with interest, and is replete with situations of the most thrilling and fascinating character. All our patrons should read this fine story.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT

Our bright contemporary the Boston Saturday Gazette has this to say on the various fashions of wearing the beard: "It is rather remarkable that none of the many who devote their attention to laboriously trifling have exercised a portion of their superfluous intellect on the subject of beards. While hands, feet, eyes, nails, and even the hair of the head, have received historical honors and exhaustive treatment, the beard has been neglected from a familiar and a social point of view. It remains for some philosopher to immortalize himself by explaining the varied principles upon which men trim and cut their beards. That many permit nature to have her way, and refrain from making bare those parts of their face which were evidently intended to be covered, is easily understood. It is no less easy of comprehension why certain fashions prevail, such as that of shaving the chin to-day, or sacrificing all but the moustache to-morrow. But what is not so easy of explanation is the peculiar fancy which impels some men to trim their beards in accordance with that of the old Dutch gardeners trimmed trees. Here we see one with his beard growing from the corners of his mouth, his cheeks being clean shaved. Another permits all of his beard to grow except a small place on his chin, which is kept smooth as a lawn by mowing. Another shaves away the centre of his moustache, leaving only the ends to join a beard that, avoiding the chin, passes under the throat. Yet another devotes constant care to shave his cheek bones bare up to the very edge of his whiskers, which makes a hard and decided line all along his face. These and many more such hideous eccentricities of barberism prevail without any apparent reason, and as much as shaving American peculiarity is found in the chin piece, which seems to issue like a little cascade of hair from the corners of the mouth. It is far from becoming to any style of face, and beauty, therefore is not indulged for its beauty. We again call upon the philosophers to explain the mysterious impulses that regulate beard trimming."

THE FARMER OF TO-DAY.

That the world moves cannot be made more manifest than by a comparison of the farmer of to-day, with the farmer of twenty-five or thirty years ago. The farmer of to-day is thoroughly illustrative of the progress of the age. He is a wide-awake, thrifty being, a supervisor of toil rather than a toiler, and as much a merchant as many who sell goods in the palatial stores of the great cities. He has taken advantage of the improvements in machinery, and at his bidding, untiring mechanism does much of the work that his hands were formerly constrained to do. He cultivates a large plantation in lieu of the few acres of former days, and instead of selling his produce in the nearest village at nominal rates, transports it to the central marts of trade, and realizes a full and handsome profit thereon.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, although farming had made many strides in advance, it was still, in numerous districts, far behind the age in many respects. Prejudices against machinery had not then been entirely rooted out, and the comparatively high cost of the labor-saving inventions exerted an additional and potent influence against their general introduction. The farmer at that time was much the same as the agricultural toiler of fifty years ago, and his ideas had not received that great push forward they were destined later to submit to. Old fields and habits still maintained the upper hand in his mind, and he was not by any means alive either to his limited importance or influence in the community. Rarely visiting the large cities, he heard of great commercial transactions with awe and misgivings.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the farmer had but little leisure to devote to the finer and more elevated amusements of life, and in his view a plain education at a country school was sufficient for his children. He himself had had no better education than that, and his ideas did not extend beyond it. He took the county paper and read it, but the great journals of the cities had comparatively no attraction for him. His thoughts, in fact, did not outrun the petty territory of his farm. But a change has come, and the farmer, without perhaps being aware of it, was even then in a transition state. His sons and daughters rebelled at the prospect of learning nothing further than was taught at the country school. They ventured to the cities for better education and returned with the spirit of progress in them.

To-day, the farmer of twenty-five or thirty years ago has been most generally replaced by his liberally educated offspring, and the consequence is a revolution in agriculture, a radical change for the better. The ideas of the farmer of to-day are ideas of progress in every direction. He believes in utilizing every suggestion of art, and has given the old prejudices to the winds. He

SOUNDS THAT ARE HOT.

BY E. A. DOPP.

All the world is flower.
Lilac and laburnum
Light on every bower;
Blossom on every bough;
Pear trees are the rage
In my dooryard, I declare?
None that never bloom
Room for none should in bloo.

Once, I thought I found them,
In the days gone by
Bold, but all unconscious of them,
Blither than the sky.
Still, where'er I hotched them,
Blow was turned to grief,
For it proved I clutched the
Leaves instead.

"Ah! blue roses, never
Here can be your birth—
Sin and grief together
Instead make their mirth;
But the mist discloses
Azure peeping through,
And may be my roses
Are where all is blue!

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFE-TIME," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "A PHOENIX," "A WIFE IN NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

From the first moment that the Water-Queen sailed down the river there was a strong impression on board that something or other was wrong with the captain and his wife. No one knew what it was, no one could say anything definite about the matter; there was no real gossip or scandal, and the impression was strong amongst the passengers that all was not well between the captain and his wife.

The Water-Queen was a large, first-line steamer bound for Australia, captain, Eric Hardrow, an able and clever seaman. The first view of the steamer delighted me. With immense eagerness, she looked like a very queen of the seas, as she rode at her moorings with her sails furled, as though daring could not come near her. Standing on the deck in the sweet, warm sunlight, I watched the passengers as they came on board. Many fair-haired little children with fond mothers and proud fathers. I saw young men in the prime of life, fair-faced girls, young wives, thoughtful matrons. And then, still-seeing them as one in a dream, I saw the sunshine, lighting the tall spires and steeples of the city. I saw the light in the ripples of the river. I heard the cry of the sailors, and, above them all, the music of a band playing the stirring "Auld Lang Syne." I felt a lump in my throat as the notes of the music died in the distance and the city spires faded from sight.

It was quite three days before the passengers began to know each other or grow accustomed to the strange new life. From the first none of us cared much for the captain; he was a tall, dark, hard-featured man, with large dark eyes that in moments of agitation or excitement took a peculiar golden hue. I felt sure that there was something of the Creole in him; and I learned afterwards that his mother had been one of the most beautiful of Creoles and his father an Englishman. He was a man of great nautical skill. He had been for many years captain of some of the finest ships of the day. It was wonderful to note with what consummate skill he managed the huge, beautiful vessel that rose so proudly over the waves. His was not a cruel face, but one to which I turned when I was watching some children at play on the deck, and it softened into positive kindness; but it was a face that gave to everyone the idea that he was a man of unbending, inexorable will. There was all the fire and the jealousy of the Creole in it. The lips were firm and hard, the features regular, but almost forbidding in their cold hard aspect. I felt that my life was not in his hands, but I should have been unwilling to trust to his kindness the child whom I loved.

At the end of three days matters began to take a regular course. Those who had suffered severely from sea-sickness recovered—the passengers knew each other—and, when we met at the dinner-table, there was something like an attempt at comfort and even enjoyment. We were out in broad ocean then. The green shores, the purple hills, the white cliffs had long vanished, and in their place we had the glistening, gleaming waters that appeared to have neither limit nor bounds.

We met all together for the first time at dinner. I remember the name of most of the passengers. They are written in an imperishable record.

There were Major Stanton and his wife, with two children—a perfect type of the happy English family—she, sweet, loving and fair; he, strong, proud and brave. There were a young husband and wife who seemed to all, yet who seemed all bound by their own childlike adoration of each other—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie—the husband and handsome young Scotchman, who was going out to Calcutta as the representative of a wealthy firm. Charlie Leslie was very soon one of the most popular characters on board. He could pour forth a song in a rich cheery voice; his laughter had something irresistible in it; his face was always bright and full of sunshiny smile. His wife Helen was a pretty, fair-haired girl, who never seemed to see or hear any one except her husband.

There were two handsome, stately brunettes, Mrs. Chaplin, who had been to place her children at school in England,—a beautiful woman in whose dark eyes lay the shadow of coming sorrow. There were Mr. and Mrs. Vann. He was short, stout and rosy, she the tall, pale, perpetual fear of his wife. He had evidently risen from the ranks, for, despite all his efforts and the fierceness of his wife, he could never properly speak the letter "h," and his grammar was what an American would call "various." His wife had two great fears; one was, lest she should grow stout—the other, that she should be taken for a person of "commercial" extraction. She entertained us with stories of her father, who had "held a position under the Government," leaving us greatly impressed, as she thought.

Those were the principal characters, and that day as we sat round the table, we looked with quiet interest at each other. It was then that I first heard the captain speak of his wife. He looked down the long table, and in a stern voice asked of the steward:

"Where is Mrs. Hardrow?" The answer was prompt enough.

"Mrs. Hardrow is not well, sir, and does not wish to leave her cabin."

I sat near the captain, and could see a frown darkening his face.

"Tell her that I insist upon it," he said, almost savagely.

Mrs. Chaplin, our stately brunette, sat next to him, and she raised her beautiful eyebrows in surprise at the words and the voice.

"You are peremptory, captain," she said, with ill-disguised contempt.

"Madam, the worst of all folly is to encourage folly in others," he replied.

"I regret that I have not the pleasure of understanding you," she said.

"My wife is pleased, madam, to affect a great fear of the sea, and I am unwilling to encourage her in such folly."

"It is possible that it may not be folly—that she may really dread the water. Nerves of iron are not given to every one," said Mrs. Chaplin.

"Our nerves, madam, are very much what we choose to make them!" And the beautiful brunette, not liking such heresy, turned from him with a face expressive of the most unbounded contempt; while I sat in silence, trying to solve the problem why a lady who was afraid of the sea should have married a sea-captain.

A rumor soon began to circulate amongst us that the captain was really unkind to his wife—that she was very young, beautiful, yet greatly afraid of him—that, in the silence of the night, when all was calm on the great ocean, cries and moans had been heard in her cabin. Some persons went further, and told of the sound of oaths and blows, followed by silence even more terrible. How much truth there was in those stories no one knew. A week passed before we saw Mrs. Hardrow. She never came on deck; she did not appear even at the dinner table or in the grand saloon. One or two ladies were rather than the rest, inquired after her; and, when captain Hardrow was amiably disposed, he would answer that she was not well—when he was cross, his reply would be less studied and more brusque.

One lovely evening a fresh wind was blowing, and the water was clear and blue. Mrs. Chaplin was sitting on deck, with her dark beautiful face raised to the sky. Liking her very much, I went up to her.

"What do you see in the clouds, Mrs. Chaplin?" I asked.

She turned to me with a sad smile.

"They are white and fleecy," she replied. "To me they all take the shape of children—little children with wings."

"Little children with wings would be angels," I remarked.

Her beauty took deepened in her eyes.

"Wings that seemed to be flying away, beckoning as they fly, Sir Gordon," she added.

Just then the captain passed near us, and saluted the lady with a very stiff and formal bow.

"I do not like the captain," said Mrs. Chaplin suddenly. "I am quite sure that he is very unkind to his wife. I wish she would come on deck; I should like to know her. I have great compassion for all unhappy wives."

"She may not be unhappy," I remarked.

"Look at his face, Sir Gordon," she replied. "In it I read will, strength, power, force, determination, passion and jealously; but I do not see one softer trait, not one grace sufficient to win or keep a woman's heart. That man would have no mercy, no pity, no compassion; and I am quite sure that he makes his wife wretched."

"I do not care sufficiently for him to argue in his favor or to plead his cause, Mrs. Chaplin. I am willing to admit that he is a Blue Beard if you like."

"He is worse," she replied. "Blue Beard never had such a face as that."

I forgot her words soon afterwards, for the night fell—and it was such a night as does not often fall. They sky was clear, dark blue; the stars were not visible, but the moon shone with a radiance beside as day. The face of the great ocean was lit up; the waves broke into silvery spray; there was just sufficient wind blowing to freshen the waves, and the great steamer rushed on her way, cleaving the water and leaving a white track behind.

I could not leave the moonlight. I went to the side of the ship, and, leaning over, I noticed the white, shining, silvery foam. I had been there some short time when I heard the sound of a light footstep near; looking up, I saw a tall, slight figure leaning in the same fashion over the bulwarks, watching the moonlight on the waters. The lady did not seem to notice my presence, and I had ample time to study her. I saw a face that in some vague way was akin to the moonlight; it was so perfect in its delicate beauty that it reminded me of nothing else. I have lived many years since that moonlight night, yet I have seen nothing like that face—and never shall. There was something at once soft and dazzling in it; it was of the pure Grecian type, with broad low brow, from which a cloud of dead gold waved in natural ripples. The marvellous beauty of the face was increased by the strange contrast between the color of the eyes and hair. The hair was of dead gold, the eyes were dark as night, with their heavily-fringed lids-dreamy, and eyes, in which lay a great nameless, bounding fear. The beautiful lips were lines and curves all expressive of sadness; the delicate face was sorrowful as she bent down to watch the silvery foam. I cannot tell how or why—I know that I was looking upon the wife of a brave if not a kindly man—thought is one of love was far from me—yet during that moment something awoke in my heart which never slept again.

We stood for some time in silence, the moonlight falling on us. Suddenly raising her eyes, she saw me, and a low cry came from her lips.

"Pray do not be startled." I said; I am watching the moonlight on the waves."

She smiled, and then for the first time I saw how lovely her face could be. The sadness fell from it like a mask, beautiful dimp es came into play.

"I am not startled," she replied; "but this is the first time I have been on deck, and it is quite a new scene to me."

Then I knew that the beautiful, fragile, delicate girl was the captain's wife. He was a man of fifty; she did not look more than seventeen. I instantly myself to her, and, as if she was better, telling her how sorry the passengers were that she was ill. It was difficult to restrain that this delicate fragile one was the wife of the stern, grim captain.

"I do not think," she said thoughtfully, "that I have been really ill. The truth is that I am afraid of the sea." Her voice sank into a soft dreamy whisper as she repeated the words. "I cannot tell how it is," she continued; "standing here, I own that there can be no grander spectacle than this, but I am frightened at it."

"Did your husband—did Captain Hardrow know that when he brought you with him?" I asked abruptly.

Her face grew crimson at the question, but she answered it.

"I think so—I always told him I was afraid of the sea."

"In that case it would have been better, I think, to leave you on land while the voyage was made," I said.

"I asked Captain Hardrow to do that, but he was not willing," she replied.

"Mrs. Hardrow," I said, after a time, "will you tell me why you are frightened at the sea?"

She raised her dark, dreamy eyes to mine, and I saw slumbering in their depths that which, when aroused, would make them to greater splendor.

"I should like to tell you if I knew how. I have always been afraid of the sea since the first dreams that I had when I was a child was that I stood on the shore of a great wide sea, and that the waves rose and fell without any noise, that they broke on the shore without any sound, and the dream of that silent sea terrified me."

"No wonder," I said; "the idea was a ghastly one."

"Then," she continued, "another idea of the sea used to come to me. It was of a great wide waste of waters, black as darkest night, and without any end—a sea on which one could sail through all eternity, as it were."

That is another horrible idea, I said, wondering at the strangely sad picture that pursued her.

"There is another worse still," she went on—"a dream which I used to have of finding myself quite alone on the sea that was gradually growing darker and darker. I have read many beautiful lines that the poets have written. I always remember Byron's

'Roll on, thou dark blue Ocean, roll.'

But even that line has a kind of terror for me. The noise of the waves breaking on the shore seems to me always an echo of eternity. Where there are beauty I see only terror and deadly fright."

"That is a morbid fear," I said, wondering more and more.

"Is it?" she questioned sadly. "I cannot help it. You, who are strong and have laugh at such ideas. You would be sorry for me if you knew how terrible I feel when I wake in the night, and remember that there is only a thin barrier between me and my enemy at sea. I can hear the waves, and they fill my whole heart with fear. I see them limpid, clear and green. Oh, how they terrify me! I long for one glimpse of land."

"I must pass inquisitive, Mrs. Hardrow, but it puzzles me that you should have, with this great fear, you have undertaken a sea voyage."

"It was undertaken for me," she replied—"I was not consulted about it. Do you think, Sir Gordon, that my fear is a sign—an omen—that one day I shall be drowned?"

Was I cruel to laugh at the question? She asked it with such childlike innocence and candour with such tender, unfeigned eyes.

"I will venture to prophesy that you will never be drowned, Mrs. Hardrow," I said.

The girlish face cleared, and she looked at me again with a smile.

"Thank you. I have read many stories of people who were afraid of the sea, and in the end such people were always drowned."

"We will hope for a happier fate, Mrs. Hardrow. Humanly speaking, there is no cause for fear. Our ship is a wonder of strength, speed, and solidity, and——"

My sentence was never finished. There was a quick, firm footstep; a strong hand was laid on the girl's shoulder—a stern face peered down into hers.

"Do you have found your way on deck at last, Laurie?" he said. "I did not expect to find you here."

She looked at him with something of the fear with which delicate and timid children regard a stern teacher. I saw her little white hand tremble. My heart was stirred with strange, sad pity for her.

"It seems natural to me that you should prefer such an hour as this," continued her husband. "Other ladies come on deck during the day time and talk sociably together; you wait for night."

"And talk to a stranger," she added with an attempt at cheerfulness.

Just then the moon disappeared behind a mass of clouds, and for a few moments the silvery light was obscured. Thick darkness fell over the face of the waters. Mrs. Hardrow cried aloud in terror, and the captain, turning to her angrily, said—

"Frightened again, I suppose! You are a brave woman!"

Poor girl! She trembled, she shuddered, while the dark waters rose and fell with a sullen leaden sound.

"What a dark sea!" she cried. "How troubled it looks—just as if were closing on us!"

"I could not have believed unless I had seen it," said the captain, laughing, "how foolish women can be. You would not be afraid, Laurie, of the darkness that falls over the fields and the lanes; would you?"

"No; but then I love the fields and the woods."

It seemed to me that a soft music came into her voice, as though the memory of fields and woods was very dear to her. I thought to myself, "Could any one have been cruel enough to drag this delicate young girl from the green lanes of the land, from the midst of flowers and trees and birds, to the sea, the very name of which fills her with fear?"

"I think," said the captain, "that you would show more courage, Laurie, if you thought less of the land you have left and more of the sea you are sailing over. After all, it is morbid nervous nonsense—you are as safe on sea as on land. Do you not agree with me, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes, in some respects. Did you ever hear those beautiful words, Mrs. Hardrow, that have been in as near to heaven as by land?"

Her face quite changed in its expression whenever she turned to me. It grew younger and brighter.

"I have never heard them, but I know they are true."

"Then try to be a little more sensible," said the captain brusquely. "I might as well have married a baby—better perhaps; I could have stopped its crying when I would. I cannot make a foolish woman wise."

A soft sigh passed the sweet lips.

"I will try, Eric," she said; "but I am afraid."

"Why are you here to-night?" he asked, so abruptly and with such a disagreeable look that someone that I had some difficulty in controlling myself. Even in the moonlight I saw her face grow crimson.

"I thought that if I ventured on deck now no one would see how frightened I was," she answered.

A contemptuous laugh was his only answer. The sound of it made my blood boil.

"You have been here quite long enough for the first time," said the captain, after a silence that was painful. "Sir Gordon, may I trouble you to walk up the deck with Mrs. Hardrow?"

I made him no answer. There was a strange beating of my heart, a strange thrill in my veins, as the little white hand seemed to flutter on my arm. The captain turned away with a rapidly, and we walked down the deck together. What should I say to her in my mad boyish fashion? I longed to tell her how grieved I was for her how I pitied her, sympathized with her. And when I tried to speak to her, I was like one dumb, my lips seemed locked in silence; while the wild waves rushed laughing past, and the clear white light lay on the waters.

"Do not think me curious, Mrs. Hardrow," I said presently, "but may I ask what was the name the captain called you by?"

I cannot tell what induced me to ask the question, but she looked at me with the brightest smile I had yet seen on her face.

"My name is a very old-fashioned one," she replied, "but there is something in the sound of it that reminds one of the brave and gowans. I was called Laurie Stuart before my marriage."

Laurie Stuart—no other name could have united her half so well as Laurie. It had a ring in it like the music of church bells. I repeated the name with a passionate eagerness new to me. It seemed like the sweetest poesis poets could ever dream, the sweetest music ever heard. Laurie Stuart—should I ever tire of whispering the name?

"My father was a Scotchman, but my mother was an English lady," the calm sweet voice went on. "I have been from home, Sir Gordon" she added, and I answered, "No," though I would have given half that I had to be able to say "Yes."

She seemed a little disappointed.

"You have a Scotch name and title," she added.

And then I told her that my father was an Englishman, but that my mother was the only sister of old Sir Archibald Clanaipine, whose title and estates I had inherited, and whose name I had assumed.

"Still you love Scotland?" she said half pleadingly.

"Yes, I love it; and, Mrs. Hardrow, if you will come on deck sometimes instead of sitting always in your cabin, we can talk about Scotland."

"I should like it, and I should not be afraid if you were here to talk kindly to me," she said. The clasp of her hand was half open, and I saw she light shining through it. "Good night, Sir Gordon," she said, gently, "you are very kind."

I do not know even now how I dared do it, or why I did it; but, as I took her hand in mine, I said, "Good night. Heaven bless you, Laurie Stuart?" And the next morning I stood, with the clasp of her hand still warm in mine, alone on the sunlight deck.

CHAPTER II.

The second time I saw Mrs. Hardrow was one evening when the air was cold and damp. A slight mist of rain made the decks uncomfortable, and a concert was got up amongst the passengers. The grand saloon was brilliantly lighted, the ladies were gaily dressed; it was difficult to imagine that we were shut up in a ship that, large as it was, was yet a prison that outside the wooden walls lay the dark restless ocean. I had lingered some few minutes on deck, and when I entered the grand saloon, found the whole of the assembled passengers seated in different groups. Mrs. Chaplin presided at the organ. She raised her dark eyes as I entered and saluted me with a kindly smile.

"I shall sing something that you like soon, Sir Gordon," she said, as I passed."

Seated near a small table I saw the captain's wife—the beautiful girl whom in my heart I called Laura Stuart.' I looked at her for some minutes before she saw me. This self possessed, high-bred, graceful woman in no way resembled the frightened girl with whom I had walked the deck, who had clung to me shuddering at the sound of the sea. In the full light I saw that her dark eyes were fathomless and luminous, that her hair had a golden hue. A smile, half proud, half weary, was around her delicate lips. She smiled when she saw me, and I went to her.

"Good evening, Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Vann, as I passed by her chair, "This is charming,is it not? It reminds me of the parties my dear father used to give—he held a good position under Government, you know. What a fine voice Mrs. Chaplin has!"

I passed her with a bow. She looked rather annoyed because I did not stop to talk to her.

"Appy to see you, Sir Gordon," said Mr. Vann; and then he turned a deeper crimson, remembering the bow.

I stood by Mrs. Hardrow at last, and the proud, weary smile changed into one of kindly recognition. I sat down by her side. She was the loveliest object in the room. She looked dazzled me; my brain was whirling; in my ears there sounded only the echo of her name—Laurie Stuart; yet I never for one moment forgot that she was the wife of another man—and as such I respected and esteemed her.

"I was hoping that you would come," she said. "We have some nice music. I like Mrs. Chaplin's voice; there is an undertone of sadness in it."

"You are looking much better, Mrs. Hardrow," I remarked; "you are overcoming your fear of the sea."

The smile deepened until bewitching dimples came into play.

"You do not understand the secret of my recovery, Sir Gordon," she laughed. "Here in the saloon I do not see the sea. I cannot hear the moaning sound that frightens me in my cabin. I cannot realize, in the midst of this brightness and music, that the ocean is close to us—the great dark restless ocean."

"Do not think about it then. Try to fancy that you are at what Mrs. Vann would call a party at home."

"Or fancy that I have but to walk down a pretty little entrance hall, and open a door leading to a garden, where the roses are laughing in the moonlight, and the dew lies like great tears on the white lilies?"

"You have a quick imagination, Mrs. Hardrow; why not try to think of the beauties of the sea? Surely there are plenty. Think of the great heaving ocean, all silver under the light of the moon; all golden in the glow of the sun. Think of the mighty world under the waters. There are poetry and romance in those lines, if silent, still, dreadful."

"I love the living, laughing beauty of the land far better," she said. "I love the green fields, the late chestnut trees, the firs of the pines, the glow of lilies, the fragrance of lilacs. I love the dew and the rain, the orchards, the gardens, the birds and the butterflies—not the cruel, relentless sea."

Just then Mrs. Chapin began the song she had promised to sing, a rare an old Scotch melody. I saw the dark luminous eyes fill with tears.

"That is very beautiful," said the captain's young wife; and in a low soft voice she repeated the words in time to herself. "I love the Scotch songs," she said, turning to me; "they are full of feeling. I was named after a song. My mother's brother was a soldier."

I was pleased, delighted, delighted that she who was so reserved with others should speak so freely to me.

"A soldier? Tell me about him," I said; and she went on—

"He was a lieutenant in the army, young and handsome, I have heard my father say. He went to the Crimea, and he wrote home telling my mother how, on the eve of a great battle, he stood on the deck of the vessel looking sky, the soldiers sang the old loved song of 'Annie Laurie.' He told us how the words

'I would lay me down and die'

rang out from east to west—how many who sang the song round the camp-fires did lie down to rest that night, to die on the morrow. And when she had the letter I was a wee baby in her arms, and that while her tears lay warm on my face resolved to call me 'Laurie,' in memory of the old Scotch song and the brave soldiers who sang it."

I looked at the graceful slender figure, the beautiful refined face, and from that moment I never lost sight of her as the heroine, hero-ine Laurie Stuart, but as Annie Laurie, the lovely Scotch maiden whose face was "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on." We talked happily enough while the strains of the music rose and fell and all sounds of the waves were hushed. Suddenly I saw a change come over her face, and by instinct I knew that the captain was near her. I stopped on his way to speak to two or three people, and then came to his wife's chair.

"Well, Laurie," said the quick stern voice, "you are tired? I am glad to see you leave."

"I am very happy," she replied shyly. "I am not frightened now, Eric."

He did not respond with kind or encouraging words, but with a quick impatient gesture, an angry frown, and a darkening of the eyes.

"I shall be very glad, Laurie, when you have finished with that absurd nonsense. A child may feel almost being frightened—a woman never should."

She might have pleaded in excuse that she was almost a child, only eighteen, she could not be called a woman; but she pleaded nothing; the dark eyes drooped and the delicate lips trembled. I remember my intense longing to seize the captain and fling him over-board.

"You will find some charming ladies on board," he continued; and I do hope, Laurie, that in time you will learn to be cheerful and lively, as they are."

"I will do my best," she said, with such sweet humility that I thought her almost an angel. Then Mrs. Leslie came up to us.

"I am so glad, Mrs. Hardrow," she said, "to see that you are beginning to feel at home with us. A sailor's wife should not know fear."

She looked up with more spirit than I thought she possessed.

"I fear nothing but the sea," she said.

"That is right. I fancied, from what I heard, that perhaps you feared not being quite at home with us."

"Why, madam?" asked the young girl with a steady calmness that brought a flush to Mrs. Vann's face.

"I really hardly know why I have the impression," replied Mrs. Vann.

She intended to be blandly patronizing and assure the captain's young wife that there was nothing to be dreaded from her superiority; but the calm, proud eyes rejected the patronage, and again Laurie—I can call her by no other name—spoke.

"I am afraid of the sea," she said; "but I have not the least fear of anything else in the wide world."

"Except the captain, we will hope," returned Mrs. Vann, trying to be witty; and the girl's face grew pale at the words. "If I can help you, Mrs. Hardrow, in any way," continued the lady, but upon patronage, "I shall be only too pleased."

Mrs. Chaplin, who seemed to understand people by instinct, came up at that moment, and, bowing coldly to Mrs. Vann, took Laurie's hand in hers.

"They tell me that the rain and the mist have passed away," she said, "and that the moonlight is beautiful. Will you come on deck with me?"

That Mrs. Hardrow's fear was not an affected, one it was easy to see. She grew pale again even to her lips. Mrs. Vann laughed. Mrs. Chaplin said aravely—

"I understand it so well. I assure you that in time you will outgrow it. I ride and drive now; I like a spirited horse, and could not do with a quiet one. But I remember when I was a thousand times more terrified at horses than you are at the sea. Come with us, Sir Gordon, and we will give Mrs. Hardrow a lesson on courage."

We left Mrs. Vann giving the captain the benefit of her ideas, and assuring him that courage was a virtue peculiar to the high-born and noble. She herself had it; her father had told her she inherited it.

"Believe me, captain, there is nothing," concluded the amiable lady, "in the whole world like good birth."

"I believe it, madam," replied the captain; but his tone implied that he saw no evidence of it in her.

The next minute Mrs. Hardrow, Mrs. Chaplin and myself stood on the deck of the steamer; the good ship was rushing at great speed through the water; the waves broke in sheets of white foam; the rain and the mist had cleared away, and the moon rode clear and high in the blue heavens. We sat down in a sheltered corner, and I listened in silence while the ladies talked.

"You are young," observed Mrs. Chaplin, her beautiful face and dark eyes lighted up with animation; "you cannot be twenty."

"I am just eighteen," said fair-haired Laurie, whose heart went out to the kind-hearted woman.

"You were young to marry and undertake such a life. You said was your mother thinking of?" she continued.

"My mother has been an invalid for many years," said Laurie sadly.

"Your father is living, is he not?"

"Yes," she replied; "but he thought it best that I should be married."

"I shall not be with you very long, and perhaps you will not miss me again," said Mrs. Chaplin. "Let me be a true friend to you while I am here. Poor child, you need one."

The dark eyes filled with tears.

"I am very kind," said Laurie; "I am grateful to you."

"I want to help you," observed Mrs. Chaplin, "to lose your terrible dread of the sea; your fear is absurd and unreasonable. I was only telling Mrs. Vann that Disraeli held his family to have been superior to crests. But a poor must have his coat of arms, and the castle and the child difficulty have turned up again as the ornament appended to the earl's title in the engraved peerages. Very appropriate is the motto. Indeed, the whole affair seems part of a veritable romance. This son of a country book-worm begins life by saying that he would be content to be a soldier, and he ends by being the hero of a great battle. Nothing is difficult to the man who is resolved to succeed. Nothing sticks at nothing." For more than forty-five years did that great soldier and statesman live, and it was understood

THE ENDURANCE OF A ROSE.

BY LAURA L. ROSS.

From the Indian-ocean Valley,
Where the tropic sunbeams play,
Sailed the ship, with spicy freight
Of the rarest kind and richest texture,
Destined, the secret, to his breast.

With rare children shared his earnings,
Which he never more puts the claim,
Nor the wife whose love has brought
Him the wealth of his heart!

Sad, when crushed by falling timbers,
Were the strong and stalwart men that died,
When the fire-damp laid its victims,
Blackened, crisped, side by side.

Where the cabin-window crept—

Felt the goodness of that misery
Which, by the mercy of God, was sent,
Felt the charity that wrapped
Its kind mantle round him Jim?"

Gentlemen! though his rest was not furnish,
Grizzy with the sheen of gold,
Though his pillow was not soft, it gave his better
The very grave that Gardner wore!

Gentlemen! Yes! No Yankee shrouds
Ever the bodies of his former
Though words but produce repentant,
Deeds, not his lips, were written.

Was when death had darkened from him
All the brightness life could give,
Gentlemen! God that effaced
Thought, home beloved might live.

Hark! the crack of timbers heralds
Fire, with true strength is acting
Fire, with true strength is acting
Fire helps. Now, gentlemen, be me!

Turn out the chamber, swift he hurls them
In the alley sash they to
Gentlemen! life's within them.
If, their savior, fails, to die.

Such the error under they found him,
Clasping tight, as if Death's fingers
Had not power to unloose his part—

By but a shadow pocket-book
Now, his owner stands revealed,
But a dead gentleman! Ah, well!
All suffered—except the there."

"Gentlemen Jim," with face unmarred,
Was the kind of title given
With poor right hand as your honour,
Remember your service keep!

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "Her Own Fault," "How Sallie Lost Her Chance," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

(This story was commenced in No. 51 Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER VIII.

He watches her till she goes in at the Parsonage door. Every evening, when she comes back from the village she encounters him on the plantation with his gun and his dog. Habit shooting has suddenly come to have a wonderful fascination for him. The quality of Miss Clyde's dinner's disorter this at once. Her mind is too fully occupied to give it much attention. But at last she does think it strange that he should always encounter her as he goes to and from the wood. He does not go the whole of the way with her; but just escorts her through the churchyard only now and then, when it is getting dusk. But he is there, nevertheless, and she cannot help observing it. And of course her to think he should take so much trouble for so small a gratification.

He certainly does not—as perhaps as she might be disposed to do—pin this thing in the ball. She does not go by the road because she knows Dospard is waiting for her in the plantation—she does not pass him with a stiff bow, when it might have done him good. She gets quite accustomed to see the handsome figure leaning against a tree or over the churchyard stile, and doubtless she would have felt aggrieved if he had missed one of those cursory interviews. She does not yet call them meetings, even to herself, assignations. If any one had told her that she was flirting with Clyde Despard, or giving him any encouragement whatever, she would have repudiated the idea with indignant scorn. And yet she does not eschew this apparently accidental encounter, which yet is of daily occurrence; she does not throw cold water on the feeling that she knows to be a passion in one of this man's heart. Why should his heart have been there, in the way of her careless little feet? Why does he run blindly to destruction in the flash of those dark eyes? Why is he not warned by her gay somewhat unmeaning manner, by her utter carelessness? Perhaps he is blinded, as others of her lovers have been blinded, till she ties the bandage ruthlessly from their eyes with her own hair-knot hands. Clyde Despard is no match for this vain coquette.

She does flirt with him. Perhaps the woman-like way in which they meet, perhaps the very absence of publicity in their intercourse from first to last, has a charm for two women of the world, reared in the strictest school of etiquette. Or perhaps, pitying his loneliness, she is determined to be kind to him. Or, still more likely, only to leave him ten times worse than he was before!

Clyde Despard probably hopes or fears nothing. He is a man of few words, and I must know that to waste his heart upon Rosamond Carlisle would be to waste it indeed. "The love of the moth for the star—of the night for the morning—this would be with a vengeance! Or perhaps, in his ignorance, he thinks that Rosamond Carlisle's dark eyes are to be believed.

By degrees the fever abates and those of the infected who have not stuck to the black dog begin to mend. By and by they are convalescent, and Hugh has rest and breathing time. But Miss Carlisle still finds occasion for walks to the village, and still prefers the plantation to the road.

The Lynns have not been at home during all this time; but they return to Lynn Royal on the second of December, and the first visit of condolence come to Lynn Royal in their wake. Frances Lynn runs down to the Parsonage on the evening of her return.

"I must positively have a stay with us up at Lynn Royal, Miss Carlisle. Do, like a dear! There are to be a lot of people with us, and some of them will stay till Christmas. We shall have the duets of four-and-twenty and charades and dinners—and I can't do without you. Pack up and come to-morrow, if you don't want to send me mentally."

Rosamond hesitates. She would like a taste of her old life, but some other consideration comes to her mouse before she promises.

"I should like to come very much, but Hugh could not spare me for very long. I will come for a day or two only—that will be the best plan."

"It must do, I suppose. I am thankful for small mercies, but I don't think Saxon will be pleased. However he shall be glad to get you once there for Hugh and you can come back to him only you find that Mr. Carlisle can get on very well without you, as of course he will."

Mr. Carlisle. And Rosamond is glad that her father has no fear of her evening drives. Nothing of thrown Hugh she half wishes that he had noticed during each visit to the village whether she got the chance of wearing them or not. She did not think she would find a Lynn Royal here! She shakes out the lengthy trained skirts of pale blue and delicate pink silk, and pulls out the lace edges and the fluffy ruchings and soft knots of wide ribbon, and her old love of adornment comes out strong from its two months' seclusion.

Those two months have done her good, though Frances Lynn says she is not looking so well as when she first came back to Lynn. She feels as if she were a more useful member of society. The life with Lady Stanley could not satisfy her now; it is too utterly worldly, too frivolous, to come up to the wants of a nature like hers. She has felt that no one who lives for self alone can ever feel the sweetness of having earned a night's repose by doing good to others, by being of some use in the world, by having done, or at least attempted, something by which the day may be made memorable without remorse.

But it is doubtful whether Miss Carlisle is utterly free from remorse just at present. Certainly she has not given young Doctor Hazel any encouragement when he has looked at her sentimentally while being administered lard-tea to a patient together, or persuaded old Nancy Lee to let her house in whitewashed. So far as Doctor Hazel is concerned, her conscience is perfectly clear. But there is not equally clear with regard to another person.

On Wednesday Miss Lynn comes down to the Parsonage, and on Thursday Miss Carlisle has promised to go up to stay at Lynn Royal. On Wednesday evening Miss Carlisle goes to the village for some pins. On returning through the the plantation she meets Mr. Despard. He is leaning in his old place against the stile. He does not make any pretence of rabbit-shooting now, and has left his gun at home.

"I am going up to Lynn Royal to-morrow," Miss Carlisle informs him after the first commonplace greeting.

"To stay?" he interrogates, with quick jealousy.

"To stay for a few days," she replies.

"There are a lot of people coming then," he says. "I met Saxon Lynn just now, and he wanted me to come up."

"Why do you not?" she asks carelessly.

"What should I be doing there?" he inquires. "What I am going to do—amusing yourself."

"It could not amuse me," he tells her.

"Oh, in that case you had better stay away!" she advises.

"I think so," he agrees uslessly. "And how do you intend to amuse yourself?"

"Oh, in different ways! We are to act charades," she replies.

"You will be good at that," he says, rather bitterly.

She laughs an amused, nonchalant laugh.

And we are to have tableaux and dances. Do you dance?"

"No, not," he answers.

"Not dance! What a loss you have had all your life!" she exclaims.

"I have had a good many losses in my life," he remarks. "And perhaps I have had the greatest of all loss here."

"Why, what have you lost here?" she asks, looking up at him.

"I only said 'perhaps,'" he replies.

"Oh! Well, I must go in and get ready. Good night and good-bye."

"Good night."

She gives him her hand as usual. He holds it a second longer than usual. Her heart beats a little faster than it is wont to beat. He says nothing—not a word—but she begins to think that it may be time to go round by the road on her way from the village.

She sits up later than Hugh does to-night. She has some feminine preparations to make for her visit such as the crimping of ruffles and sewing on of ribbons, in the hope that her servant before she leaves the little sitting-room. A flood of moonlight makes itself visible the moment the other light is extinguished. She goes to the window and raises the blind.

It is the harvest moon. The full moon is shining right down through the Rookery elms, throwing fantastic shadows of the branches on the window panes and across her face and dress. At first she can distinguish nothing below, but presently she traces the trunks of the trees in the paddock, the dark ashlo-end of the farmhouse, and to the left the dark church tower. It is like a picture in Indian ink. The smallest branch touched with its white line of moonlight, the shadows lying still—and black across the frosty ground, the network of fine twigs like black lace across the pale sky and the great white moon.

Rosamond gazes long, standing motionless at the window—but not more motionless than the shadowy figure, with folded arms, and eyes fixed on that very window, which stands out of the elms. Clyde Despard may have come out to smoke in the moonlight—he is smoking, as the odor of a cigar testifies—but it is suspicious that he should watch her house

TIM MARPLE'S CAREER.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Mr. Barnet had not left, as Tim thought, forgotten him, but, as he took his way to the store that morning, his mind dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the incident of his meeting with the boy, and he was wondering if he would keep his appointment, when, on entering his counting house, the first object that his eye rested on was the lad sitting quietly before him.

"Ha! Tim, is that you, my boy!" he said, as he came in smiling. "You are punctual, I see."

Tim immediately rose from his chair, and, with the pride of honesty and good purpose shining on his face, answered: "You sir." He then took from his pocket a little bag of money, which he placed in Mr. Barnet's hand.

"Hey dar! what is all dis?" asked the latter, as he felt the heavy weight.

Tim's heart bounded with happiness at his ability to repay his debt.

"I have come as you told me, sir," he said. "It is just two weeks to-day, if you are so good as to remember. And his face flushed, for he was unused to intercourse with gentlemen, and felt confused at the situation.

"And the bag?" said Mr. Barnet, still holding it in his hand.

"That contains the money I have made with the dollar you lent me," answered Tim, and he related to Mr. Barnet the whole story of his enterprise, ending by saying he thought it was right he should let Mr. Barnet know that he had tried to do something, and was now able to pay him back his money.

"I am glad you say so—short accounts make long friends," Mr. Barnet replied, as he opened his pocket-book and took therefrom the note with Tim's mark attached to it. "Come, sit up to the table," he added, "and we will transact our business at once." And he gave the little bag back again into Tim's hand, the contents of which the boy poured out upon the table.

Mr. Barnet waited with some curiosity to see what Tim would do next, but as the lad remained quiet, he said:

"Are you prepared to pay your note, or do you want more time?"

"I have come to pay, sir," said Tim, pushing the money to Mr. Barnet. "Will you please do whatever you think best."

"Then I think if you were you I would pay the note, for it is best to be out of debt, and the rest of the money I would use to carry on your little business. You have been a successful trader, Tim, and I am very well pleased with you."

Mr. Barnet separated a dollar in small change from the little pile, and handed Tim the note, which he had not agreed several pieces; then gathering up the remainder of the money, which amounted to several dollars, he put in a new pocket-book that he took from his desk, and gave it to Tim, as he said:

"I will not charge you for this, Tim; come often, and when you want advice or need a friend's aid, you will surely find both of them here."

With a "Thank you, sir," Tim was about leaving the store, when Mr. Barnet called his attention to the cancelled note lying on the table: "Take care of it, boy; it will remind you of your first venture in trade."

"There is the making of a fine business man in that lad," thought Mr. Barnet, as he looked after the retreating boy, who was meditating upon the good fortune of possessing so valuable a friend.

From this time everything prospered with Tim. He carried on a thriving trade, which enabled him, by observing the strictest economy, to supply himself with clean clothing, and to pay the honest Kitty something for his board.

As he grew older, feeling sadly the want of education, he attended a night-school during the long cold evenings, where he made a fair scholar and eager to learn, he acquired much useful knowledge. Indeed, all his spare time was devoted to study, and, having access to a public library, he was enabled to procure all the books necessary for that purpose.

All through this period of Tim's career he had not been unobserved by Mr. Barnet, who, convinced that the boy was worthy of his confidence, determined to help him still further in his onward path.

One day Mr. Barnet said to him: "You are growing a tall boy, Tim, and it is time you were turning your attention to something better than the life you are now leading. Suppose you were to come to me and learn to be a merchant. How would you like that?"

As Tim was an ambitious boy, he was not likely to neglect such an opportunity.

He was now indeed happily situated. Dressed in a new suit of clothing, proper for his improved situation, and anxious to obtain the approbation of his kind employer, his exertions, however great, always brought him satisfaction, because they were duly appreciated.

Mr. Barnet was a shipping merchant, trading principally with South America. His family consisted of his wife, a gentle lady some years younger than himself, and a daughter, an unfortunate child of ten summers, who had been delicate from her birth. This daughter was, for the greater part of the time, confined to a sofa, but could occasionally walk a short distance when she had a stout arm to guide her. She was a beautiful, intelligent child, with a keen, appreciative mind, and her education had progressed as far as the weak condition of her health permitted.

Mrs. Barnet was a pale, slender lady, with a madonna-like expression of countenance. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and she wore her fair hair in bands upon her forehead. It was evident that some deep grief had cast a shadow over the life of this fair lady, which had she not so much loved, and lived for, she was ever cheerful and a theative to all, there was, at times, an expression of sadness upon her countenance that told unerringly of concealed sorrow.

Into this family our friend Tim was now introduced as one of its members.

This addition to the household gave a new pleasure to little Laura, as Mr. Barnet's daughter was named. Tim was fond of children, and this little one soon gained possession of his sympathetic heart. She was so different, with her gentle loving ways, from any child he had ever seen before, so beautiful and winning, that, when he first saw her, he could scarcely believe but that she was an angel visitant, who would ere long return again to her native skies.

Laura grew fond of the lad, and claimed him for her companion whenever he was at home, and he was always ready to pay her those little attentions that her helpless state made necessary. He delighted in surprising her with little gifts, and scarcely ever returned to her, after the day's absence, without a small bouquet of violets, her favorite flowers.

Mrs. Barnet, too, was glad of Tim's occasional services to drive the child out in a low carriage built expressly for her, because the invalid felt more she could trust him with her treasure; and Mr. Barnet saw with satisfaction that Laura was always happy when the lad was with her.

"Poor little helpless child!" the father said, "it is well she has the lad's strong arm to depend on."

As years rolled on Tim grew in the esteem of Mr. Barnet. He was now a well grown young man, tall and handsome, and thoroughly understood Mr. Barnet's business. One morning his employer informed him that he intended to send out a large cargo of goods to Mexico, which he should entrust to the care of Mr. Roberts, one of the senior clerks, who had been with him for many years, and in whom he placed the utmost confidence. He would also want a junior assistant, and as the office was one of trust and profit he had determined on sending Tim. Therefore, he desired him to commence immediately the study of the Spanish language, that he might have some knowledge of it when he arrived in South America.

Tim, who had always felt a strong desire to travel, gladly embraced the opportunity thus presented. He had no one to mourn over his departure; therefore, after he had paid a farewell visit to Kitty Connor, whom in his prosperity he had not forgotten, his affairs were all made. As his salary had been largely increased, he procured for himself a good outfit, and was ready to go on board whenever the vessel should sail.

Tim was scarcely prepared for the sorrow Mrs. Barnet expressed at their parting, and the grief of little Laura quite unmanned him. "Wait until I come back," he told her, as she was crying a river of tears on his breast, "and see what beautiful presents I will bring you; then you will be glad I went away." But the child refused to be comforted, and only clung the closer to her departing friend.

The voyage, contrary to Tim's expectations, was not all sunshine. The vessel encountered many storms, and made a dangerous and weary passage over the ocean to their destination. Nor were they compensated for their inconveniences by the golden harvest they anticipated. The country, on their arrival, was distracted with a revolution, and the town of Montevideo was filled with wounded soldiers, the victims of a late engagement.

Tim's heart was filled with pity as he beheld those suffering men, and whenever Mr. Roberts could spare him from the necessary care of the goods, he took his way to the hospital, where he endeavored to contribute to their comfort by attending to their wants, and frequently bathing and binding up their wounds.

Among the sufferers was a Spanish gentleman, a merchant of much respectability, Tim learned by name, and a stranger in the place, having his residence up the La Platte River, some distance in the interior of the country. This gentleman was regarded with peculiar interest by Tim. He was a married man, the father of two children, and his mind was tortured with the thought of the suspense in which they were kept in regard to his fate. While Tim labored with his whole pleasure that Tom watched the progress of his recovery, knowing that his convalescence was mainly owing to his care.

One day as Tim was engaged in his work of mercy, he saw a man on a hard bed, a youth of apparently eighteen years. He was suffering from fever, and tossed his arms about and muttered words in his delirium. Tim stood beside him, and prayed with such loving interest in his face. Surely he had before seen the same soft expression, the same deep blue of the eyes, the same fair hair that now fell in rich profusion over his pillow—but where had he known the lad?

As he held a cooling drink to the invalid's parched lips, the conviction came suddenly upon him that it was Mrs. Barnet the youth so much resembled. Could there possibly be any ties between them?

Mr. Roberts, on being questioned, at once explained the mystery.

"It is more than probable," he said, "that you have seen the only son of our employer, Frank Barnet!"

Astonishment kept Tim mute for some minutes. Here, then, was the source of Mrs. Barnet's secret trouble.

"He is very young," continued Mr. Roberts, "scarcely yet eighteen, but was abandoned by his father as irreclaimable. We found him, at the beginning of his bad career, stowed away in the hold of the ship on one of our outward-bound voyages. He had always been a wild boy, and hard to control, but nothing like what he has attained his character. He at this time was but fifteen years old, and at first I looked upon his action as a boyish freak. But when I discovered that he had robbed his father of a thousand dollars, I felt that was arrest, determining to send him speedily home again. He managed to get away, however, and being a smart fellow and a good linguist, easily made his way into South America. He found plenty of companions while his money lasted, but when that was gone he came back to us."

"Oh! how terrible!" exclaimed Tim.

"When Mr. Barnet sounded the repentant," Mr. Roberts continued, "he freely forgave him, but in a short time he repeated the offence, made off again, and returned to his bad companions here. You may be sure nothing has been left undone to reclaim him, and, young as he is, Mr. Barnet has at last unwillingly given him up. He has had a thousand dollars to start him fair, and begged me before we sailed, to send her some tidings of her lost boy."

The recital of this sad story filled Tim's heart with distress for his benefactor, and he determined to try every available means to restore the prodigal to his family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SMART DOG.

The following story appears in a letter from Unionville, Conn.:

Our neighbor, Chauncey Hart, has a dog that is remarkable for his apparent knowledge of the English language, if his owner's statement about the dog is true—and as to his veracity there is no question. Mr. Hart is a blacksmith by trade, and has a piece or so of land which he cultivates, and during the season of hoeing rises at about o'clock in the morning to subdue his weeds. His dog lays with him. When the time arrives for making a fire to prepare his morning meal, Mr. Hart goes into the house, makes the fire, and says to the dog, "Go call your mistress." He goes immediately to the bed room and tells her the hour. If she does not notice the call the dog will pull the clothing off the bed and will not leave until she gets up. If Mr. Hart sees a pack-peddler coming, he says to the dog, "Carlo, there is a pack-peddler coming." He will start at once and present his nose among on to the premises.

On another occasion Mr. Hart walked over to a neighbor's house and found the neighbor came home with some bones he had procured for his chickens, and threw them out of his wagon. Carlo got one of them and brought it near where they were talking. When Mr. Hart saw it he said, "Carlo, that bone don't belong to you go carry it back where you found it, and go home." Carlo carried the bone back to the place where he got it, trotted off about ten rods towards home and sat down, waiting for his master. The neighbor also had a dog of about the same size that was in hearing. Seeing Carlo where he had sat down, the other dog picked up the bone and carried it to within a few feet of Carlo; there he laid it down and came back a little way. After waiting awhile and seeing that Carlo did not take it, he placed it a little nearer, came back as before, and waited for Carlo to take it; but Carlo would not. The third time the bone was placed near everyone to him this time—but he would not touch it, but sat there until Mr. Hart went home. When he came up to where the dog was sitting he said, "Carlo, you may have that bone now." The dog immediately picked it up and carried it home. Nothing else was said to either dog but the order to carry back the bone; but both dogs seemed to know what was said, and the visited dog was disappointed that Carlo should accept the proffered bone as a pledge of friendship and as a token of hospitality.

The Unexpected Legacy

Two women in deep mourning were sitting in a desolated home trying to solve the problem of their future life.

Only widowed and fatherless a week, all the more wrench of parting still aching and bleeding, all the blank future an untried waste, what wonder they were frightened upon the very threshold of the new life?

They were the wife and daughter of Israel Gresham, a farmer, who had owned a small farm, and prospered for ten years after he married a little blue-eyed woman, the very idol of his honest heart.

Then trouble came.

Four children sickened at intervals of a year between the blows, and were carried one after another to the county churchyard. As the crops failed; and finally the farmer himself was prostrated with rheumatic fever, which crippled him.

Three years of struggling against adverse fortune broke the farmer's heart, and he died with a prayer upon his lips for his own true-hearted wife, and Alice, the last of his children and his first born.

"I have implicit faith in you, Alice," said Mrs. Gresham, after a long silence; "and we seem to have a choice of two plans only. We can remain here and try to work the farm——"

"But we know so little about it, mother. Father was always anxious to spare you work, and I was always at school."

"The other plan seems more practicable—to go and live with my brother, your Aunt Mary. Her offer is very kind, to take you at once into the house and allow me work at home."

"And the farm?"

"Mr. Hill will allow me twenty pounds a year for the land, to plant it himself, and will let the mortgage stand for two years without interest."

"No, if we can save seventy pounds in two years, we can come home?" said the daughter.

"Yes, dear. But, Alice, there is one other alternative."

"One more? You are rich in plans."

"Eben was here to-day."

"We will not talk about Eben."

"Yes, dear, for I promised to deliver his message. He offers you a home with his own family. I could go alone."

"Probably," said Alice, drily. "No, mother, we will go together. Eben knows I will not marry him now, though he has offered to live here and help me pay the mortgage. But I will not be such a burden upon him yet. You and I know that the farm would not yield over the expenses of three people in two years. We will go, and if we cannot save the seventy pounds, we will sell and settle the farm, pay off the mortgage, and——and——"

"And what?"

"We have two years in which to decide that. Shall I write to Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, dear; Mr. Hill will buy the poultry and cattle, so we shall have a few pounds to start with."

It was hard work to leave the home in which Alice was born, and where Mrs. Gresham had spent all her married life, but the women, delicate in frame, gentle and refined, had yet brave hearts, and Eben, strong, tender and loving, gave manful help, knowing his love and Alice's could bear some strain, and honoring his darling the more that she would not desert her mother in her sore strait.

"Norton is only fifteen miles away," he said, as he waited to take the travellers to the little town; "only fifteen miles. You are not going to get rid of me yet, Mrs. Gresham."

"We have nothing else to offer, there will always be a welcome," was the reply. "Mary has secured two rooms for us, and has arranged the furniture I sent over, so we have a home ready."

A cozy little home it looked when they reached it.

There was a table set, and Aunt Mary a thin, pale spinster—Mrs. Gresham's sister—waiting to make the new comers welcome.

Eben stayed to dinner, and then bade them farewell, while the young girl went to learn a little of the duties she had undertaken.

She was a brave-hearted little woman, this pretty farmer's daughter, in spite of the petted seclusion of her quiet home-life, and she earnestly tried to remember all the confusing distinctions of flowers, feathers, ribbons, and frames, and took her first lesson in trimming.

She brought a smiling face to greet her mother.

But together the first day's experience was far less bitter than they had feared it would be, and the two were tired enough to sleep early and soundly.

Many times, in the first few weeks, the gay silks and feathers flouted in a bewildering confusion before the weary blue eyes longing for a sight of the buttercups and daisies of home; but Alice's brave willingness to help and be first at each other, and hopeful prospects to picture of the return to the farm at the end of the two years of trial.

But, in spite of brave hearts and loving words, Mrs. Gresham's white cheeks and heavy eyes were perpetual witness to her hours of lonely toil and the sorrows of her widowhood.

Alice was not so easily borne down, even while sharing both work and grief.

Eben was faithful, and came often for a run on, leaving over the sunshine of his bright presence behind him, and Alice was becoming a favorite in the house.

Many a song rippled over her lips as she helped her mother in the evening over the "piece work," and she had many a merry jest of customers' eccentricities to relate to her.

And Mrs. Gresham, after being a month in her new home, had also a story to tell.

"You have met the feeble old body who lives in the next room, Alice?" she said, one evening, as they worked.

"Often! I've run back in the morning many a time to carry up her basket."

"She spoke to me to-day, and came in a minute for a cup of tea. She is more to be pitied than we are, dear, so miserably poor, so old, and alone. We have each other."

"And Eben," said Alice, blushing brightly.

"And Eben. But she has no one; she told me so to-day."

"What supports her?"

"She makes bags. She is a pleasant old body and I asked her to bring her work in here, when I'm alone."

Mrs. Keighn, the poor old bag-maker, was often a welcome visitor to the rooms.

But she never offered to return the hospitality, keeping her room rigidly closed against all intruders.

It was very soon apparent to Mrs. Gresham and Alice that saving would be but slow work in their new home.

Winter set in, and the return to the farm seemed even more distant than it had been in the spring.

Only a small sum had been saved, and the prospect of increased expense was disheartening.

Mrs. Kaighn, now almost one of the little family, was often present at the discussions or future plans and prospects, and knew quite well how the hearts of her friends were bound up in the hope of one day redeeming their old home and returning there.

"And when we go," Mrs. Gresham would say, kindly, "you must come and see how strong you will get with our country air and food."

And the feeble old woman would smile and say—

"I've lived so long here, my dears—thirty one years—I'll never feel at home any where else."

"But you must come to my daughter's wedding," Mrs. Gresham said, smiling; and the old woman only sighed wearily—

"I'm too old and feeble for gaiety, dears; but I'll send an old woman's blessing to her and her bridegroom, be sure of that."

The Winter was half over, when, one evening, coming in tired and chilled, Alice found the room empty, the table not prepared for tea, and her mother's work hurriedly thrown into a corner.

She was looking around her, half terrified, when her mother came in from Mrs. Kaighn's room.

"Alice, dear," she said, "Mrs. Kaighn had had a fall upon the ice. I heard the men bringing her up the stairs, for she begged to be carried here and not to an hospital, and I went into her and said so. You are glad to leave her since, for she is badly hurt."

"Has she a comfortable room, mother?"

"The barest place I ever saw, and not one scrap of fuel, this bitter day. Her bed is a hard straw mattress with poor coverings. I've done what I could for her."

"Has she had a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Did she break any bones, mother?"

"No, the injuries are all internal, but they are serious, I fear, for she evidently suffers dreadfully, though she says very little."

"We must take care of her."

"Yes, dear!"

So, with those few simple words they took up their new burden of care and responsibility. It is an old story, though the poor are the best friends of the poor, and it was so in this case.

The old woman who lay groaning with pain in her wretched room, was tenderly nursed by the mother and daughter, whose only tie to her was the common claim of humanity and mutual poverty.

It had surprised Alice, upon first entering the room, carpetless, miserably furnished, to notice near the window a large box in which was growing a superb oleander, the only object of beauty in that miserable room.

It was like a breath of home air to her to see green leaves, and she was willing and even eager to grant the sufferer's whispered request.

"Please water my oleander every day."

And watering the beautiful plant soon became the pleasure of the weary days of nursing.

Care and attention tryings the injuries proved to be fatal and the agonies of pain became terrible to witness.

Many hours, before devoted to work, Mrs. Gresham and Alice gave to the invalid, and they did not hesitate to draw upon their carefully-hoarded savings to obtain various little comforts for her.

Five weeks of patiently-borne suffering, of tender care, followed the accident, and then the doctor whispered to Mrs. Gresham that the weary watching would soon be over.

All day the aged sufferer struggled for breath, and rest, till at eight o'clock the great peace that so often is mercifully granted to precede the last hours of earth fell upon her.

"Dear friends," she said, softly, looking into the tender, gentle faces watching to aid and comfort her, "you have been a very kind and loving to a lonely old woman, who offered no return for all your goodness. But now you shall know I am not ungrateful. It will be my dying bequest to you. I will soon be back in my own home, and Alice be Eben's loving bride."

"You think I am delirious, but I am not. You saved to buy back your home, but you never saved for it, you gave, you gave, during time and money to an old woman for pure charity. I hoarded, scraped, starved, for my boy. I spent nothing, working hard, eating little, and now, when I am dead, you shall have in his purse. He was a good son. He did not know all my sacrifices, and he meant to repay all. Every letter told me of the home we were to have together. He sent me an oleander and the box. Oh, my boy, my boy! It was all a dream. For he died coming home to me. He was drowned, and I sat here in this room waiting, waiting for my son who never came. That was thirty years ago. And when one oleander dies in the box he sent me I buy another, the only luxury of my life—the only one. Many a night I water the roots with tears shed for my boy. And I'm going to him now, and there is no one that loves me, no one to mourn for me but you.

"You have been good to me, and now listen. I had the passion for hoarding and I could not give it up.

"When I had no use for the money I saved it and saved it, adding every year to the pile of bank-notes and gold. When I'm dead, every penny must be buried with me, but do not have a costly funeral; that is my last request—only a decent burial, and you two to mourn for the old woman, you've been so kind to. Alice, I have a packet for my sake, to remind you of my boy and me.

"The box is deep, very deep, and half of it is a false bottom. There you will find the money. Take it, dear, from the right half round, and the top of the box will lift off. All you find under that is yours—nearly five hundred pounds all in gold. It is money I've scraped up by miserly habits, by petty, selfish disregard of others, but it is honestly earned, every penny of it.

"And when you are in your old home, with Eben and Alice sitting by you, dear friend, give a corner in one room for the oleander box. Now, say farewell, and, Alice, read to me the precious words of promise, while your mother holds my hand."

And, soothed, dry the sweet, low voice, the lonely old woman sank into the deep sleep that has no waking on earth.

Just as she had requested she was buried, and then Mrs. Gresham and Alice returned to the farm, once more their own home.

In the spring there was a wedding, and Eben came to live with them, to take a man's place in their old home, and give a master's eye to the farm.

And ever, in the cozy sitting room, there is an oleander in the box that was Mrs. Kaighn's last earthly gift, and which, in many a quaint fancy that came to the brave, true-hearted women that never forgot Christian charity in their own sorrows.

An African Relic in Full Costume.

In one tribe through whose territory he passed after leaving Tanganyika, Lieutenant Cameron found the natives of a more regular form than is usual among the Africans, and consequently they were far more fashionable than the rest of their race. The women are beautiful in their way, and their hair is elaborately dressed. One of the belles of the country is thus described in Cameron's Journal: "She is a merry sort of person, this Mrs Backwanya, and really ladylike in her manners. It was great fun showing her a looking-glass. She had never seen one before, and was half afraid of it, and seemed to shove she was afraid. She is a very showy body, double rows of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of her face a lace of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells was round her neck, and round her waist a string of opaque-colored sing-sang, and a rope made of strings of red beads. Her front apron was a leopard skin, and the rear of colored grass cloth, with its fringe strung with beads, and cowries sewed on it in a pattern; bright iron rings were round her ankles and copper ones round her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines each about a quarter of an inch wide, were painted below. The nearest one to the hair was red, the next black, and the next white; and to crown all, she was freshly anointed with oil, and looked sleek and shiny. Her upper lip was perforated, and a piece of stone inserted, until the lip protruded a couple of inches, giving a hideous appearance to the face and making her articulation quite indistinct."

A Lady With a Sensitive Nose.

A lady tourist writing from the wild dells of Wisconsin vividly says:

My nose is small but sensitive. This nose is capable of more pleasure and more misery than any other nose in the whole country I ever heard. If I dared tell you a few of the troubles my nose has gone through you would scarcely credit it, and the enjoyment I have had by reason of the organ of smell is equally incomprehensible to ordinary smellers.

The new nose may be tossed by the hay-makers in the fields skirting the railroad but from through the car are delicious fragrance. The water lillies have blown from their white cups sweet remembrance. The pines and firms have mingled their dank, cool fragrance and tossed it from their coverts as we sped by the thickets, but the odor of the pole cat flew at me and made me hold my nose long before the other passengers began to sniff and ask what was that horrid smell.

I pent one nose close to die of a smell. I often find it impossible to use hotel towels, and have tossed sleepless on the bed at night because the bed linen smelt as though it had been washed in the bilge-water in the hold of a ship, and had been put on the bed the night and musty. None but travelers with weak noses can understand the satisfaction with which, in my mouth room had at last, I dried the close fine grance of the pillows as one would enjoy a sausage, and the delicious purity and sweetness of country-washed and sun-dried sheets. I dreamed pleasantly of wide clover fields and clear running brooks, and linen blanching on the grass.

Saturday Evening Post.

We are very much pleased to hear that this old and favorite journal is in a fair way to a long and gratifying prosperity. It is ably edited and handsomely printed, and we know of no more interesting weekly. The Post was forty-six years old on the fourth of April. Published at No. 37 South Seventh street.—[Sunday Item, Philadelphia.]

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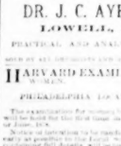

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THE
YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,
EDITED AND REVISED, BY
By Mrs. Moore.
SECOND REVISED EDITION.

In March 1873 there appeared in Lippincott's Magazine a paper entitled "Unsettled Points of Etiquette;" the editor having adopted that title on account of its brevity, in preference to the one given by its author, viz: "Reasonable and Unreasonable Points of Etiquette." Some of its readers who knew that the points of good breeding touched upon there were settled points in the habits of many, could not know that the editor had changed the title, and this fact with other reasons led to many criticisms of the essay and its author that were not of a nature to impress any respect for, or confidence in the judgment of such critics.

The "Young Lady's Friend," by Mrs. Farrell, published in Boston in 1837, and later in New York, was out of print at this time and the author of "Unsettled Points" decided to purchase the copyright and publish the book in Philadelphia instead of continuing her papers upon good breeding. For this book all true ladies and gentlemen will thank her, as are some persons who have a great dread of ceremony, as if it implied a sacrifice of sincerity or simplicity, established rules of etiquette are necessary to the harmony of social intercourse, and that these rules, though varying in different countries, have in every country been adopted by all who would be welcomed and understood by all. The editor states that "The Young Lady's Friend will prove a most valuable auxiliary to mothers, treating as it does upon topics that bother a daughter's home education," such as preserving health, improvement of time, domestic economy, dress, behavior to parents, relatives, gentlemen, ladies, to friends, and to domestics; conduct at public places, female companionship, dinner and evening parties; ceremonious and friendly visits; conversation and music, and culture. The following notice of the book is taken from a review of it in the Appeal to the Red Men, of Journal:

"The author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" deserves the thanks of all those who are interested in the instruction of the young in good morals, manners and health, by her editorial labors in bringing out a re-edition of The Young Lady's Friend. The work has been out of print for some years, its first publication dating in 1837, in Boston. It was written by a lady of Boston, and was sold and held in high esteem in its day. Except for a trace here and there of the spirit of rigid formalism characteristic of the Puritan element of society in Boston and New England society, and which has suffered considerable relaxation under the refining influences of modern culture, the work is worthy of the high place it occupies in the public of New York, the book might be taken as a product of the period. The present is manifestly a reproduction of the old work with its original conservatism and free reliance on the forms and faith that suit the manners and habits of many generations of civilized life; a safe one to commend to its use."

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500	Prizes of 200	100,000
1,000	Prizes of 100	100,000
2,000	Prizes of 50	100,000
3,000	Prizes of 25	75,000
5,000	Prizes of 10	50,000
10,000	Prizes of 5	50,000
20,000	Prizes of 4	80,000
30,000	Prizes of 3	90,000
40,000	Prizes of 2	80,000
60,000	Prizes of 1	60,000
1,000	Prizes of 50	50,000
1,000	Prizes of 25	25,000
1,000	Prizes of 10	10,000
1,000	Prizes of 5	5,000
1,000	Prizes of 4	4,000
1,000	Prizes of 3	3,000
1,000	Prizes of 2	2,000
1,000	Prizes of 1	1,000
1,000	Prizes of 50	50,000
1,000	Prizes of 25	25,000
1,000	Prizes of 10	10,000
1,000	Prizes of 5	5,000
1,000	Prizes of 4	4,000
1,000	Prizes of 3	3,000
1,000	Prizes of 2	2,000
1,000	Prizes of 1	1,000

G. W. HARROW & CO., Gen'l Managers.

PARTICULAR
NOTICE!
To make things lively in August, we have selected
717 PAIRS
FINE CASSIMERE PANTS,
Some of them heretofore sold at $10, and others as low as $6, and put them all at the bit price of
$3.47.
This is an
EXTRAORDINARY
BARGAIN IN PANTS.
Also a small lot of Fine Cassimere
YOUTHS' PANTS, $2.50.
We would have plenty of the $3 and Coats, and have now but few of them remaining in at $6 each suit.
We have a complete assortment of the finer grades of Clothing at very low prices.
WANAMAKER & BROWN.
OAK HALL
SIXTH AND MARKET.

NOTE.—In our Custom Department we have a fine selection of

The Music of the Waters.

A Holiday Diversion, and What Became of It.

And so all I had to do was to go into the country and enjoy myself for six weeks—that is, come to.

Why, if my case had struck me with a flash at the moment the Doctor uttered his verdict, I should certainly have been knocked down; fortunately no such atrocity was attempted, so I maintained an erect a posture as my subdued health would allow until the consent formulate of the College of Physicians, whom I was consulting, hogged me to resume my seat.

"You are utterly smoke-dried," he said.

"London, sir tobacco?" I inquired.

"Both," he answered. "No physic; fresh air is all you require—mountain air, if possible; purified nut and quiet; abstemious habits, early hours and no tobacco."

"But," I feebly protested, "I don't care about fishing, and I can't see I'll fit up my time?"

"Nonsense; you know nothing of it, from your own showing; and as to occupation, anything will do, so that you keep clear of your brains. Fish, sketch, bike, read poetry and light novels; go and stoop yourself in greenery, refresh your senses with rural sights and sounds, go and look at trees and fields, listen to the birds and the murmur of running waters; follow this out, and you will be a different man in six weeks."

"And then?" I blankly inquired.

"Then! Ah, then," he answered, "get married and settle down."

It certainly was fortunate I was not standing up at that moment, for it would not have need but a touch of the aforesaid feather to have laid me low. As it was I sank back in my chair aghast. "Get married!" I thought, I who was utterly insensible to female attractions, and who had been always taught to look upon all the male sex in the same light—inoffensary as a dog, unlow associated with a great believe. I get married on a salary of £400 a year! Where!

I left Harley Street with scarce another word, convinced that the real, downright unpractical man, there were none to compare with doctors.

Then I took the plunge, and within five days found myself at a snug little inn in North Wales, hard by a rollicking trout stream, in the "Devil's Bridge," a few miles inland from Aberystwith.

I resolve at once to having been a little overlooked and pleased at the novelty of the scenery. The unexpected novelty, I felt would keep me going for some time.

The change soon refreshed me. I was astonished at feeling neither dull nor lonely—for the tourist season had hardly set in, and I had the little inn well nigh to myself. So I wandered about and gazed wonderingly at every thing that I saw, especially at the deep, craggy gorge or mountain river that runs through the Salvoie Majesty's engineering skill was employed to have been displayed.

As I stood looking down upon it from the bridge I found that it certainly seemed to me a wondrously romantic spot. Steep, rock bound banks, crowned with trees, brawned in the rushing, foaming river, its channel besprinkled with huge boulders, over which the water rushed and boiled in a white cataract, as